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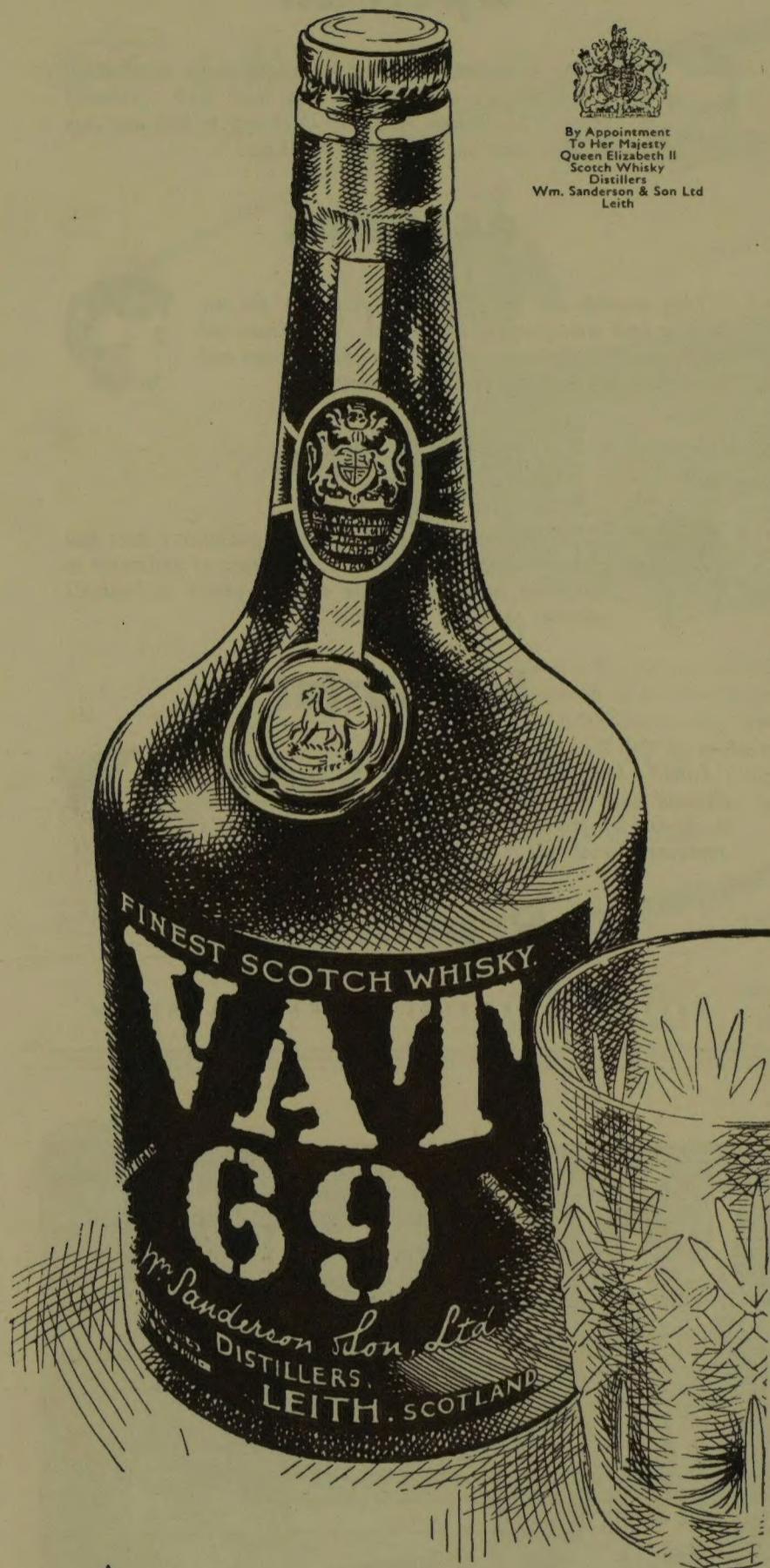
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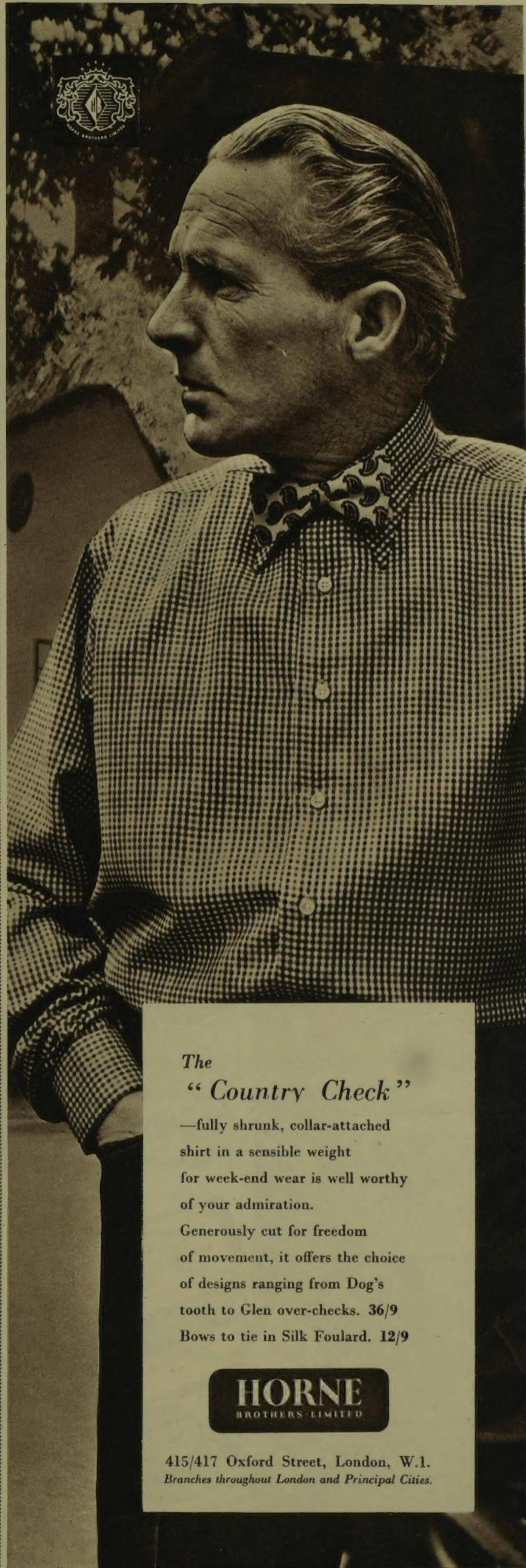
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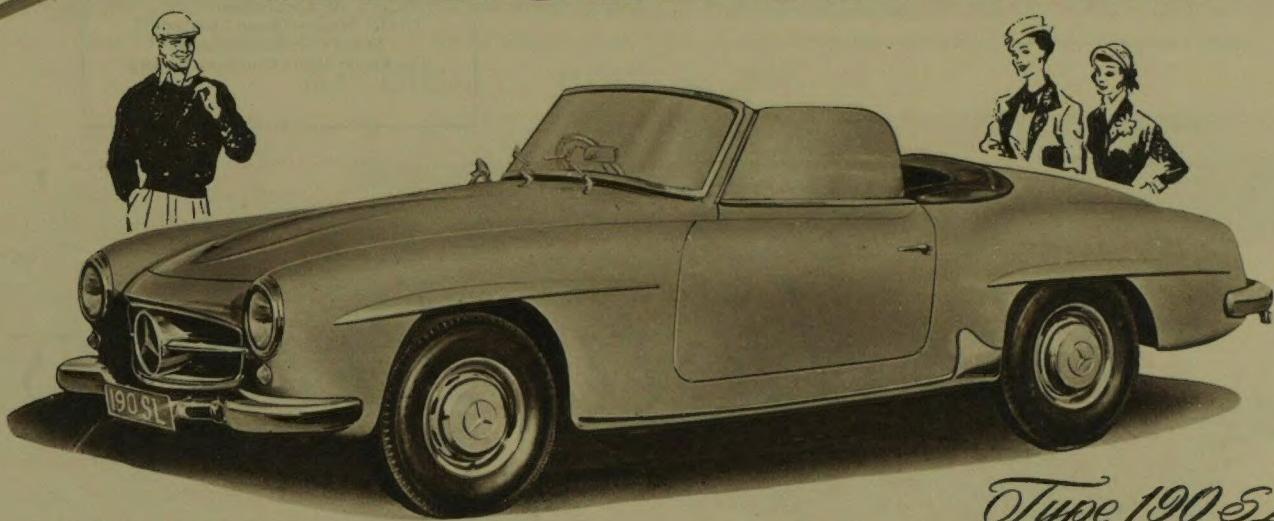
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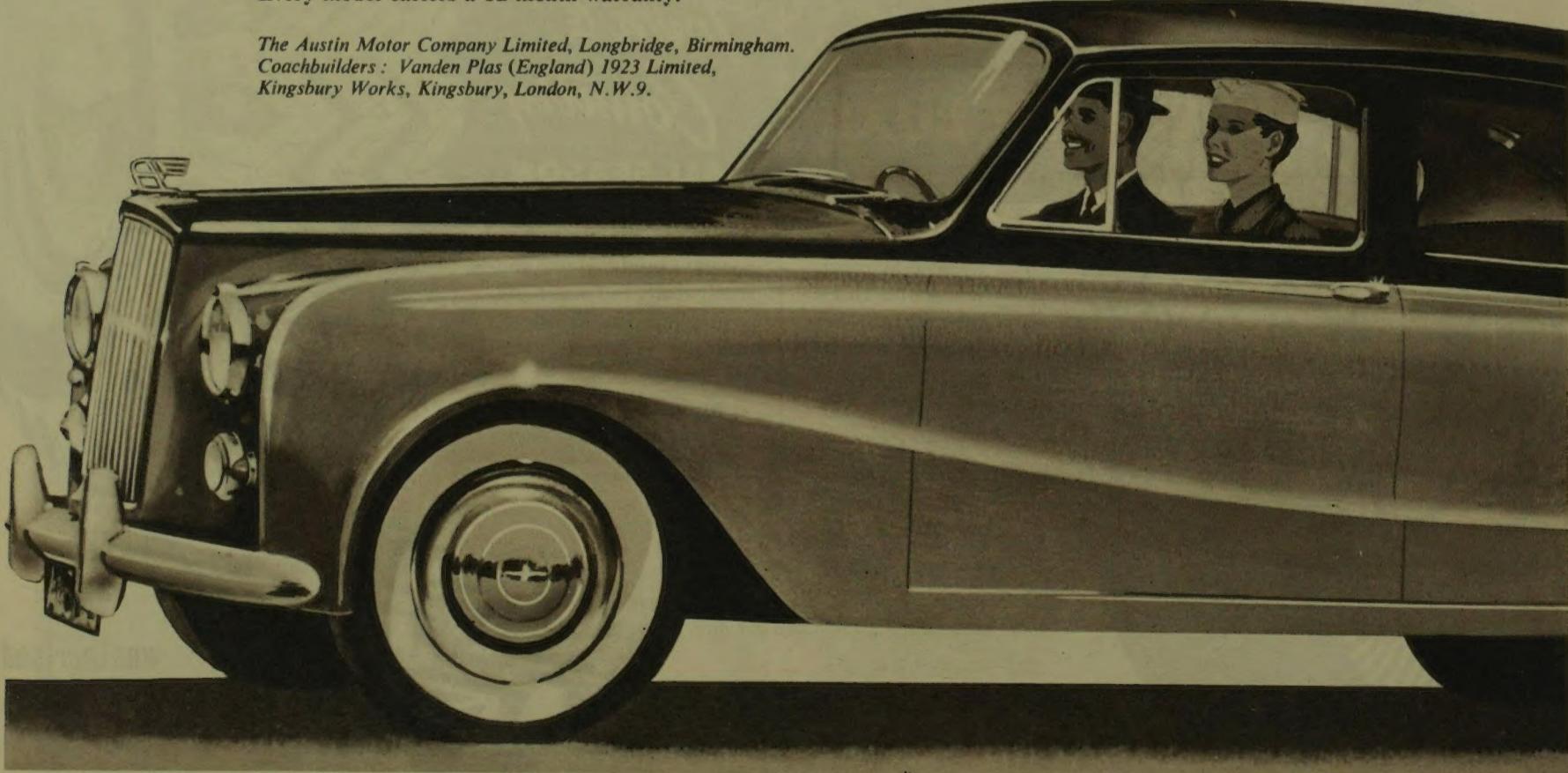
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SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1957.



ARRIVING IN DENMARK FOR THE STATE VISIT: THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY QUEEN INGRID, KING FREDERIK AND PRINCE PHILIP, AFTER LEAVING THE DANISH ROYAL BARGE WHICH BROUGHT THEM ASHORE FROM BRITANNIA.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Copenhagen shortly after ten o'clock on May 21 in the Royal yacht. As Britannia appeared at the entrance to the harbour Danish aircraft flew overhead in an E-shaped formation and a salute of guns was fired. King Frederik and Queen Ingrid came out to Britannia to welcome her Majesty and Prince Philip, and then, to the accompaniment of a salute from shore batteries, the Royal party boarded the Danish Royal barge which brought them ashore. Thousands of people had gathered along the harbour promenade to see the

arrival of the Queen and Prince Philip. After she had been helped from the Royal barge by King Frederik, who was in British admiral's uniform, the Queen inspected a guard of honour of the Danish Royal Life Guards drawn up near the Customs House. In the procession to Amalienborg the leading carriage was occupied by the Queen and King Frederik, and in the second were Queen Ingrid, Prince Philip and the Danish heir presumptive, seventeen-year-old Princess Margrethe. Crowds lining the three-mile route to the Palace gave the Royal visitors a warm and heartfelt welcome.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A LITTLE while ago I revisited, by chance, an old house which I had not seen for many years. Even before the war it was something that seemed to have survived from an earlier age with a garden of topiary and of seventeenth-century stone pillars and geometrical ornaments such as one sees in the engravings of Kip and other contemporary delineators of old English homes and gardens in the days before Repton and the great late Georgian landscape gardeners swept them away in favour of "natural" vistas and curved paths and laurel-beds. Beyond the garden, separated from it by a low stone wall and wooden fence, both of great antiquity, was a deer park in which, under ancient elms and chestnuts and surrounded by browsing deer and sheep, a lead shepherd with an enormous Cromwellian hat piped a "melody unheard" to a small lead dog curled affectionately at his feet. I sometimes used to take week-end visitors who did not comprehend the full antiquity of rural England to catch a glimpse of this ancient house embowered in the Midland woodlands and buttercup meadows, its immemorial peace unbroken in those days even by the sound of tractors—to-day the most all-pervading of country sounds but then still to supplant the time-honoured call of the ploughman, and the clop-clop of the shire-horse at his side.

Occasionally we would see in the garden as we passed an old gentleman in a dark suit and a skull-cap—the last of a long line of squires—pacing gently to and fro among the topiary columns and hedges. He seemed almost as venerable as his own cedars, and as firmly rooted, like his ancient house, in the soil.

Once, long ago, part of the house was a monastery, and the monastic church, far larger than the minute hamlet it serves, or served, still stands. Then it passed into the hands of the despoilers, one of whom, fortified by a Royal grant, made it his home and that of his heirs. For 400 years it served, like so many other English country houses, the purpose of bringing up successive generations of English men and women in a certain faith, mould and way of life, sending out to other homes and to places far remote from the rustic Midland shire in which it lies, administrators, soldiers, clergymen, merchants, housewives, physicians, lawyers, sailors, colonisers, poets and artists. And during all those years it formed the centre of a vigorous, skilled and highly productive agricultural community, employing and setting to work through the ages a host of husbandmen, gardeners, masons, carpenters, coachmen, grooms and stablemen and teaching each generation of village maidens, before they themselves married and became mistresses of cottage or farmhouse homes, the arts of cooking, preserving, cleaning and sewing and of housewifery in all its forms. Colleges of national and local culture and of the arts of life, the country houses, like the monasteries before them, shaped for four centuries the guiding pattern of our corporate national existence and, with the parish churches they partnered, the beliefs and conventional morality of the race.

Their day is done. When I revisited this ancient home, I found the grass on the lawns and terraces no longer cut, trimmed and rolled as of yore, but unkempt and uncared-for and full of mole-hills and tussocks, most of the trees in the park felled, the deer vanished, the little lead statue removed from its pedestal, the windows of the house shuttered and unpainted, the doors barred. The house was empty, the garden—once one of the glories of England—receding fast to wilderness. Only the topiary shapes and hedges were still as smooth as billiard balls, with the hall-mark, so alien to our untidy, slipshod age, of aristocratic rule, care and taste clearly and unmistakably stamped on them. I could almost see the ghost of their former owner, now long dead—the white-bearded, black skull-capped squire—and of his many ancestors still walking among them. I opened the gate

and, though a trespasser, entered the park and made my way through the deserted, overgrown gardens, looking up at the old stone house, with its noble, canopied doors, mouldering coats of arms and eyeless windows. The place—house, stables, outbuildings, all built to last the centuries, seemed completely without inhabitants; once, within easy living memory, so full of life and purposeful routine and activity, now without any future or meaning or even, one felt, any present.

The girt old house o' mossy stone,  
Up there upon the knap alone,  
Had once a blazin' kitchen-vier,  
That cook'd vor poor vo'k an' a squier...  
An' there, so big's a little ground,  
The garden wer a-wall'd all round:  
An' up upon the wall were bars  
A-shaped all out in wheels and stars,  
For vo'k to walk an' look out through  
From trees o' green to hills o' blue.  
An' there were walks of pavement, broad  
Enough to make a carriage-road,

Where stately ladies once did use  
To walk with hoops an' high-heel shoes,  
When yonder hollow oak were sound,  
Avore the walls were ivy-bound,  
Avore the elms met above  
The road between em, where they drove  
Their coach all up or down the road  
A-comen home or gwain abroad.  
The summer air o' this green hill  
'V a-heav'd in bosoms now all still,  
An' all their hopes an' all their tears  
Be unknown things ov other years.\*

After a time I left this melancholy, but because of the noble house and its topiary, still-beautiful scene and made my way into the street—if such one can call it—of the minute village outside. I paused at the first cottage door—its little strip of garden was beautifully kept and suggested that its inmates were of the older school—and knocked at the door. It was opened by an old man and, when I asked him who was in charge of the deserted house and garden, he replied that he was. It turned out that he was the former gardener, and that he now served as a forester in the neighbouring plantations that, with the park and neighbouring paddocks, were all that remained of the estate of which the house had for so long been the centre. Being acquainted with the present owner, whose home and work is in a distant land and who, regarding the house as part of England's heritage, is still, though unable to live in it, preserving its

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY TAKEN AT AMALIENBORG SHORTLY AFTER THE BEGINNING OF THE STATE VISIT ON MAY 21.

A photograph of the Queen and Prince Philip and the Danish Royal Family was taken at Amalienborg shortly after her Majesty and the Duke arrived in Copenhagen. In the group are (left to right) Princess Margrethe (heir presumptive), King Frederik, her Majesty the Queen, Queen Ingrid, Princess Anne-Marie, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Benedikte.

structure and guarding it for posterity until some change in the times offers an opportunity, in some form or other, for its renewed use, I asked the old man if I might look inside it. He willingly agreed and, taking his ring of keys, accompanied me back to the house. While he took me round he told me how he had continued to cut the topiary every spring and autumn, insisting that as long as it was cared for and kept trimmed the garden could never wholly relapse to wilderness or lose its former character, and how he had planted the park with minute forest trees, each carefully fenced-in from the cattle that grazed it. His pride in the house, his loving service of it and of the family that still owns it, his faith, in the teeth of all probability, that so long as he remained faithful to it and did his duty by it, its vanished glories might one day be restored, did more to revive my own hopes in the future of the English tradition of culture and wise living than anything that has happened to me for a long time. Sooner or later the social revolution through which we are passing will end, and society, re-aligned, will put out new roots. The country house, in the form in which we knew it in the past, will never exist again, but the structure that housed it—the legacy of successive generations of creators and craftsmen—will serve some new end, awakening in future generations of good men and women the same desire to create and preserve as animated its builders and custodians in the past.

THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL IN COPENHAGEN  
AND THE PROCESSION TO AMALIENBORG.



SMOKE DRIFTING AWAY FROM KRONBORG CASTLE AT ELSINORE, AFTER THE FIRING OF THE SALUTE FOR BRITANNIA, AS SHE SAILED TOWARDS COPENHAGEN.



AT COPENHAGEN HARBOUR BEFORE THE PROCESSION TO AMALIENBORG :  
IN THE CARRIAGE ARE THE QUEEN AND KING FREDERIK.



AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AND DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN COPENHAGEN: AIRCRAFT OF THE DANISH AIR FORCE FORM AN "E" IN THE SKY.



THE QUEEN, WITH KING FREDERIK, INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE DANISH ROYAL LIFE GUARDS SHORTLY AFTER HER ARRIVAL.



KING FREDERIK HELPS TO ADJUST THE QUEEN'S SABLE STOLE DURING THE DRIVE FROM COPENHAGEN HARBOUR TO AMALIENBORG.

Shortly after the Queen had stepped ashore in Copenhagen on May 21 from the Danish Royal barge, and after a military band had played the English National Anthem, her Majesty inspected a guard of honour of the Danish Royal Life Guards which was drawn up before the Customs Building. After this, she and King Frederik entered the carriage which was to take them to Amalienborg, some three miles distant. Queen Ingrid, the Duke of



THE CROWD LINING THE ROUTE TO AMALIENBORG GIVING THE QUEEN A WARM WELCOME AS SHE DRIVES PAST WITH KING FREDERIK.

Edinburgh and Princess Margrethe, the heir presumptive, followed in the second carriage, and a mounted escort was provided by Danish Hussars. Large crowds had assembled along the route and gave the Royal visitors a warm welcome as they passed. The journey complete, the Queen soon afterwards appeared on the balcony of the Christian VII Palace, one of the four at Amalienborg, in response to the chanting of "Elizabeth" by the crowds.

THE QUEEN IN DENMARK: HOMAGE TO THE  
WAR HEROES; AND THE STATE BANQUET.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST OFFICIAL ENGAGEMENT IN DENMARK: LAYING A WREATH IN THE MINDENLUNDEN CEMETERY AT THE MEMORIAL OF THE 157 HEROES WHO DIED IN THE DANISH RESISTANCE MOVEMENT.



AT THE OLD SHIP'S ANCHOR WHICH SERVES AS A MEMORIAL TO THE DANISH SAILORS WHO PERISHED IN THE 1939-45 WAR: THE DUKE AND KING FREDERIK SALUTING AFTER A WREATH HAD BEEN LAID.



IN THE CHRISTIANSBORG BANQUETING HALL: THE GUESTS AT THE STATE BANQUET STAND AS THE ROYAL PERSONAGES TAKE THEIR SEATS.

Her Majesty's first public engagement in Copenhagen, on May 21, was her visit with Prince Philip, and accompanied by the King and Queen of Denmark and Princess Margrethe, to the Danish Resistance Memorial, where she laid a wreath. After this the Royal ladies returned to Amalienborg, but Prince Philip and King Frederik went to the Danish Sailors' memorial at the end of the Nyhavn Canal. Later followed diplomatic receptions; and in the evening



AT THE STATE BANQUET OF MAY 21: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH KING FREDERIK, FOLLOWED BY QUEEN INGRID, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE.

Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip drove in closed carriages with an escort of Royal Hussars to Christiansborg for the State banquet, part of which was televised. For this occasion her Majesty wore a State dress of pale-pink satin. After the luncheon on this day at the Christian VII Palace, the Queen and the Duke presented King Frederik and Queen Ingrid with a silver coffee-pot and cream jug of English design and manufacture.

**THE SECOND DAY OF THE STATE VISIT: AT CARLSBERG BREWERY, THE ROYAL THEATRE AND A NURSERY.**



(Left.)  
DURING THE VISIT TO THE FAMOUS CARLSBERG BREWERY. FROM L. TO R. ARE PRINCESS MARGRETHE, KING FREDERIK, THE QUEEN, QUEEN INGRID, THE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF CARLSBERG, HR. A. W. NIELSEN, AND PRINCE PHILIP.



(Right.)  
THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PEERING INTO ONE OF THE VATS IN THE CARLSBERG BREWERY DURING THEIR VISIT.



THE QUEEN WITH PROFESSOR NIELS BOHR, THE DISTINGUISHED PHYSICIST, WHO OCCUPIES THE "RESIDENCE OF HONOUR" NEAR THE CARLSBERG BREWERY.

HER MAJESTY VISITING A NURSERY SCHOOL IN COPENHAGEN. ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS QUEEN INGRID.



A YOUNG DANE, APPARENTLY DEEP IN THOUGHT, AT THE NURSERY SCHOOL IN COPENHAGEN. WITH THE QUEEN IS THE MAYOR OF COPENHAGEN.



DURING THE PLAYING OF "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" IN THE ROYAL THEATRE IN COPENHAGEN, WHERE HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE PHILIP ATTENDED A GALA PERFORMANCE BY THE ROYAL BALLET. THE PROGRAMME INCLUDED EXTRACTS FROM BALLET BY RIETIE AND BOURNONVILLE.

During the morning of May 22, the second day of the State visit to Denmark, the Queen and Prince Philip visited the Carlsberg Brewery and a nursery school in Copenhagen. The brewery is one of the largest in Europe and sponsors the Carlsberg Foundation, which supports many academic causes in Denmark. After the visit to the nursery school, there was a luncheon at Amalienborg. Among the guests was Mr. Hansen, the Prime Minister, whose Government fell in the recent election but continued to represent

Denmark during the State visit. During the afternoon the Queen and Prince Philip attended a reception for Commonwealth citizens at the Freemasons' Hall. Among the 1500 guests were representatives of many Anglo-Danish societies. In the evening, the Royal visitors and their Royal hosts attended a gala performance of ballet at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen. During the interval the Royal party appeared on the theatre balcony and were given a great ovation by huge crowds in the square below.

## IN COPENHAGEN AND GENTOFTE: SCENES DURING THE LAST DAY OF THE STATE VISIT.



AT THE RECEPTION AT COPENHAGEN TOWN HALL: (L. TO R.) PRINCE PHILIP, THE QUEEN, KING FREDERIK, QUEEN INGRID AND PRINCESS MARGRETHE.



DURING HER VISIT TO THE ENGLISH CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S IN COPENHAGEN: THE QUEEN SMILES AT YOUNG CHILDREN FROM A NEAR-BY HOME.



A GIFT TO THE QUEEN FROM THE ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN FACTORY: A SET OF TEN FIGURINES OF CHILDREN IN LOCAL COSTUMES.



DURING HER VISIT TO SKOVGAARDS SCHOOL: HER MAJESTY IS PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET BY ONE OF THE PUPILS.



THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP ADMIRING THE SET OF FIGURINES PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY BY THE ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN FACTORY.



AT SKOVGAARDS SCHOOL AT GENTOFTE, NORTH OF COPENHAGEN: THE QUEEN IS SHOWN A COOKERY CLASS IN PROGRESS.

The weather was again fine on May 23, the third and last day of the State Visit to Denmark, and once again there was a full and varied programme for the Royal visitors. In the morning the Queen and Prince Philip visited the English church of St. Alban's, where they inspected ex-servicemen. After this, the Royal party returned to Amalienborg and from there drove to the Royal Copenhagen porcelain factory, where the Queen was presented with a set of ten figurines of children in folk costumes. The next visit was to Skovgaards

School at Gentofte, and after this there was luncheon at the Royal hunting lodge, Eremitagen, which stands in beautiful grounds overlooking the sea. In the afternoon there was a reception at Copenhagen Town Hall, which brought huge crowds to the Royal route to cheer the Queen. In the evening there was a Royal banquet on board *Britannia*, and before the Queen and Prince Philip left for Fredensborg, where they spent two days privately before leaving Denmark, there was a grand fireworks display in Copenhagen Harbour.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



WEST GERMANY. THE FEDERAL GERMAN AIR FORCE ON PARADE: SOME OF THE F-84-F THUNDERSTREAK FIGHTERS WITH WHICH THE FORCE IS EQUIPPED.

Since last November the Federal German Air Force has been receiving from America consignments of the *Thunderstreak* fighters which are being made for nine N.A.T.O. powers. Its engine is the British *Sapphire*, manufactured under licence in the U.S.A. and renamed the *Wright J65*. Germany is ordering several British types of aircraft.



PARIS, FRANCE. THE MODEL OF THE LINER FRANCE, WHICH HAS PROVED SATISFACTORY IN MODEL TESTS.

The new French transatlantic luxury liner *France* (55,000 tons) is due to start construction in October in the Penhoet shipyards. She will have accommodation for 2,000 and a speed of 30 knots.



TOKYO, JAPAN. A SMALL GROUP OF JAPANESE STUDENTS, ENTIRELY SURROUNDED BY POLICE, DEMONSTRATING AGAINST THE BRITISH NUCLEAR TESTS.

On May 16 a group of members of the Tokyo Students' Union demonstrated outside the gates of the British Embassy, carrying placards saying, "Down with Macmillan" and "We protest British H-bomb." A smaller group staged a "sit-down" protest in the Embassy grounds.



BANGKOK, SIAM. THE PRESIDENT OF THE THAI COUNCIL OF MINISTERS LIGHTING CANDLES BEFORE AN IMAGE OF BUDDHA ON A ROYAL BARGE DURING THE NIGHT CELEBRATIONS OF THE 2500TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BUDDHIST ERA.



STOCKHOLM. THE STATE VISIT TO SWEDEN OF QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD: THE ROYAL VISITORS WITH THE SWEDISH ROYAL FAMILY AT STOCKHOLM. During their four-day State Visit to Sweden, which began on May 20, Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands were photographed in a group with the Swedish Royal Family. From left to right are: Princess Margaretha, King Gustaf Adolf, Princess Birgitta, Queen Juliana, Queen Louise, Prince Bertil, Prince Carl Gustaf (heir apparent), Prince Bernhard, Prince Wilhelm, Princess Sibylla and Princess Christina.



VIENNA, AUSTRIA. THE WRECKAGE OF THE PARIS-VIENNA EXPRESS, WHICH WAS DERAILLED AS IT WAS ENTERING THE HUTTELDORF-HACKING STATION. On May 19 the Paris-Vienna express was derailed just outside Vienna. Some fifty-six persons were injured and a ten-year-old boy, playing in the subway below (seen in photograph), was killed by falling masonry. In all, four carriages were derailed.

FOR a French Prime Minister with an uncertain majority, to be maintained only by sleight of hand, a vote of confidence ranks as a round in a fight always lost in the end. M. Mollet survived until the thirty-fourth—longer than usual, longer than any President of the Council since the war. A curious and unhappy aspect of his defeat is that serious observers in Britain take it more seriously than the average elector in France. Frenchmen, once among the most political of mortals, have become highly contemptuous of politics and politicians. This attitude has the disadvantage that it tends to lower still further the standards of both, and it is a long time since either has been worthy of the country, except during a few brief intervals.

Outside France the reputation of M. Mollet stood fairly high. He had lived down a suspicion of "neutralism" in the great conflict of ideologies. He had shown courage and pertinacity on many occasions. When he and his Government recently refused to follow the line taken by the British Government about the use of the Suez Canal, some observers in this country thought him unwise and impractical, but no one denied that he was very courageous. To all it was apparent that his fall came at an unfortunate moment. Apart from the grave financial crisis, the immediate cause of the hostile vote, other affairs were in a state which demanded a strong and responsible French Government.

One feature of the drama might have been foreseen by any foreigner who had followed French politics: that the finale would be connected with finance. Faced with a heavy deficit, the President of the Council proposed, as a Socialist, Socialist remedies, or at all events remedies regarded as such. Since he was opposed by the Communists, as he would have been whatever he said or did, proposals which made certain the opposition of the Conservative parties—and, of course, the Poujadists—proved to be too heavy a handicap. At the same time, the hostile majority was not sufficient to make a vote of no confidence constitutionally effective, and the President of the Republic could therefore hold up his acceptance of M. Mollet's resignation in order to provide time in which to look round.

The inability of France, an extremely prosperous country, to provide for her own upkeep or maintain her balance of payments is not without its effect on the outside world, but this is small by comparison with other matters. By far the most important of these is that of Algeria. There the struggle appears to be unending. It has been occupying a large proportion of the French Army, withdrawn from its stations in Europe. In the reduction of the militant nationalist power in the field progress has undoubtedly been made, but politically there does not appear to be much improvement. The factor which makes this problem different from the majority of such cases is the very large number of French settlers involved. Independence for Algeria would be regarded by virtually all of them and by millions of Frenchmen as a betrayal.

The whole situation in Algeria has gone into the melting-pot as a result of the vote. First, there is the position of M. Lacoste, the Minister Resident, a Socialist like his chief and a man about whose activities opinions are divided. He himself has said that the extreme nationalists in Algeria are likely to look on the fall of M. Mollet as a victory. It is uncertain whether his appointment or the policy which he represented will be

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### M. MOLLET KNOCKED OUT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

continued. The extremely ugly allegations of cruelty on the part of the Army, and indeed of the Government itself, have not been satisfactorily answered and have much distressed French people with a sense of responsibility. All this has international significance because affairs in Algeria influence the whole Arab world—and very bad their influence has been for some considerable time.

of desperate hurry for the Federal Republic of Germany, but in this case it is. Elections are pending in West Germany. They will prove a sharp test for Dr. Adenauer. Not surprisingly, he would like to see those treaties signed first because their signatures would enhance his prestige.

And there has to be faced a situation which would be even more unpleasant than that of having to go to the polls without the treaties in his pocket—that of a decision by France not to sign. This is perhaps unlikely, but it is not quite impossible. France let Germany down in such a way, over the European Defence Community, once before, though Sir Anthony Eden put things right.

Then there is the matter of the Suez Canal. France did not follow the example of Britain in agreeing to pass ships through under the terms of Colonel Nasser's formula; indeed, she reproached Britain both publicly and privately for what she considered to be weakness. She went further. She raised the issue in the United Nations. Moreover, she gained some credit and satisfaction thereby. No one expected that a resolution would be brought forward in the unpromising surroundings of the Security Council. Yet but for Russia and Iraq—the latter's disagreement being a tactical gesture without other significance—the Council took the view that the present system of operation must not be regarded as a permanent settlement, but only as provisional.

Then the admirable President of the Republic,

M. Coty, was to have paid a visit to President Eisenhower. He may actually go, but at the time of writing it does not look like it. This would be a useful exchange of courtesies because some heart-to-heart talk on the subject of Algeria is very necessary. France is hurt because American moral support is cool. The United States is cool because she realises that the policy of one of her partners is not approved of by a number of nations and that, even if it were, some of the methods by which it has been conducted would be disliked. She has doubts herself on both these questions. In any case, the political crisis in France is one in which the President of the Republic must actively concern himself.

It may indeed be argued that this crisis is even more an international than a political disadvantage. It is certainly no easy matter in the present circumstances for France to find a government with a majority in general agreement on Algeria and at the same time "European" enough in outlook to give full attention and support to the European projects with which she is concerned. This would not, however, be the first time that such a problem has been faced and solved, even though after a distressing interval. No domestic catastrophe has recently occurred from such a cause. If the political institutions of the country have proved unsatisfactory, this cannot be said of its Civil Service.

Though the voice of France is not as strong in world politics as was formerly the case, it has still been able to make itself heard. It is still needed. In some respects the prestige of the country increased under the leadership of M. Mollet. After the Second World War everyone who gave the slightest thought to foreign affairs realised how serious was the gap—one might say the vacuum—created by the then weakness of France. Right-thinking people rejoiced in her recovery, though this would have been greater but for the bitterness and confusion of party politics. Here lies the first reason for our desire that the crisis should be ended quickly and well.



AT THE MEETING OF THE UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL IN NEW YORK ON MAY 20: M. PINEAU, LEFT, THEN FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, DURING HIS SPEECH CRITICISING EGYPT'S PROPOSALS FOR OPERATING THE SUEZ CANAL.

The two-day debate in the United Nations Security Council at New York on May 20 and 21, which had been called for by France, ended inconclusively. In the debate M. Pineau, the French Foreign Minister, criticised the proposals for operating the Suez Canal which had been made by Egypt on April 24, and pressed for new negotiations to be started between Egypt and the nations using the Canal. No resolution was moved in the debate.



M. MOLLET, THE FORMER FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, AND, IN THE FOREGROUND, M. RAMADIER, FORMER MINISTER OF FINANCE, DURING THE SESSION OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT WHICH THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT WAS DEFEATED. The Government of M. Guy Mollet was defeated on a vote of confidence in the National Assembly at Paris on May 21 by 250 votes to 213. The vote concerned M. Mollet's Bill for increased taxation. His Government had been in power for sixteen months, and is so far the longest-lived Government of the Fourth Republic.

Another misfortune, due to the failure of M. Mollet to obtain a vote of confidence, is to be found nearer home. Treaties dealing with the Common Market and Euratom await signature by France. Normally, this would not be a matter

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



VIENNA, AUSTRIA. IN THE AUSTRIAN PARLIAMENT ON MAY 22: DR. ADOLF SCHÄRF BEING SWORN IN AS THE NEW PRESIDENT OF AUSTRIA.

Dr. Adolf Schärf, formerly the leader of the Austrian Socialist Party, was elected President by popular vote on May 5 and was formally sworn in on May 22. After the ceremony, Dr. Schärf took the salute at a parade of 8000 troops—the first Austrian military parade for some twenty years.



ROME, ITALY. AT THEIR FIRST MEETING ON MAY 24: THE BRITISH (RIGHT) AND EGYPTIAN DELEGATIONS IN THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN FINANCIAL TALKS.

For the first time since the Suez intervention British and Egyptian Government representatives met for discussions when the Anglo-Egyptian financial talks opened in Rome on May 24. It is hoped to settle some of the outstanding problems that have arisen as a result of the Suez crisis.



BRIONI, YUGOSLAVIA. MARSHAL TITO WIELDS THE SCYTHE, WHILE HIS WIFE, MME. BROZ, LOOKS ON. PRESIDENT TITO HAS BEEN UNDERGOING TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM.



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. QUEEN JULIANA AUTOGRAPHS THE WALL OF A FACTORY NEAR STOCKHOLM.

On May 20 Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands arrived by air at the military airport of Ronneby, transferring to a Dutch cruiser for the rest of the journey to Stockholm, for their State Visit to Sweden.



MADRID, SPAIN. QUEEN SORAYA OF PERSIA HOLDS OUT HER HAND TO THE MATADOR ANTONETE, DURING THE BULLFIGHT STAGED IN HONOUR OF THE PERSIAN ROYAL VISIT ON MAY 23.



DENMARK. AT HELSINGÖR: THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY WAVING A SMILING FAREWELL TO THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO ARE IN THE ROYAL BARGE (RIGHT).

On the evening of May 25 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh sailed in the Royal yacht *Britannia* from Helsingör at the end of their five-day visit to Denmark. The King and Queen of Denmark and their three daughters said their final farewells to their guests on the red-carpeted steps at the foot of which the Royal barge was waiting. The Queen and the Duke had spent the morning paying informal visits to two experimental farms and to Frederiksborg.



DENMARK. AT THE TROLLESMINDE EXPERIMENTAL FARM NEAR HILLERØD: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ATTRACTING THE QUEEN'S ATTENTION TO SOME OF THE FINE DAIRY PRODUCE.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



DAX, FRANCE. A NEW OIL FIND IN SOUTH-WEST FRANCE: VISITORS AT DAX EXAMINING THE NEWLY-FOUND PRODUCT FROM AN EXTREMELY PROMISING FIELD.

Earlier this year the French company who are investigating the exploitation of natural gas in the Landes department, struck oil in a Dax oilfield which promises to be as big as Parentis, which produced over 100,000 tons in January



CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA. THE WEMMERS HOEK DAM, ABOUT 40 MILES FROM CAPE TOWN, NOW NEARING COMPLETION AND BEGINNING TO FILL WITH WATER. This dam, which will hold 13,000,000,000 gallons of water and suffice for Cape Town's foreseeable needs, is being built by a British firm and is claimed as the largest earthwork dam in the Southern Hemisphere. It will cost about £8,500,000. It may be full by September, if this proves to be a wet season.



LE BOURGET, FRANCE. MAJOR ROBINSON RISNER, A U.S. KOREAN WAR PILOT (L.), BEING CONGRATULATED AFTER HIS "LINDBERGH FLIGHT" OVER THE ATLANTIC. Major Robinson Risner landed at Le Bourget Airport on May 22 after flying the Atlantic in 6 hrs. 40 mins. in a Super Sabre jet. He made the flight to commemorate Lindbergh's exploit in the *Spirit of St. Louis*.



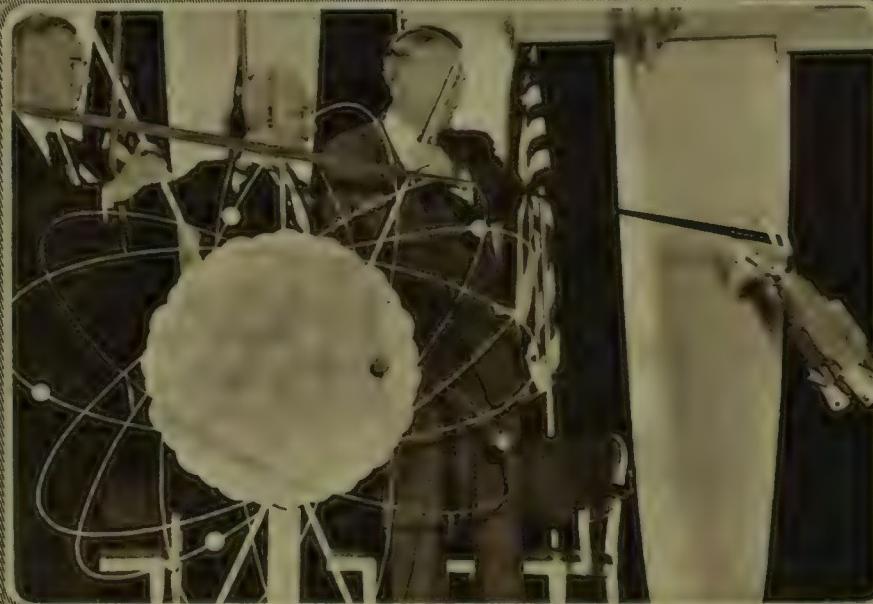
JAPAN. A RAIL CRASH IN WHICH THREE PEOPLE DIED: THE SCENE AFTER THE TOKYO-AOMORI EXPRESS TRAIN WAS DERAILED ON A BRIDGE IN NORTHERN JAPAN ON MAY 19.



FORMOSA. THE START OF THE ANTI-U.S. RIOTS: MRS. LIU, WIDOW OF THE MAN SHOT BY AN AMERICAN SERGEANT, PROTESTING OUTSIDE THE U.S. EMBASSY. Nationalist Chinese rioters in Taipei ransacked the American Embassy and the library of the U.S. Information Service on May 24, as a protest against the acquittal by a U.S. court-martial in Formosa of an American sergeant who shot dead a Chinese. The soldier, Master-Sergeant R. G. Reynolds, who pleaded self-defence, said he caught the Chinese spying on Mrs. Reynolds in her bathroom. President Chiang Kai-Shek has expressed "profound regrets" to President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles for the destruction caused during the riots in which nine members of the Embassy staff were injured.



SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA. IN SYCAMORE CANYON, NEAR SAN DIEGO: THE TEST BASE FOR THE ATLAS INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILE, SEEN IN THE FIRST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH. THE SNARK INTERCONTINENTAL GUIDED MISSILE HAS BEEN ON VIEW AT THE PARIS AIR SHOW.



PLEASANTON, CALIFORNIA. AT THE OFFICIAL OPENING BY A "MAN-MADE CELEBRITY" OF THE NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC VALLEYCITOS ATOMIC LABORATORY ON MAY 22: A MECHANICAL "HAND" CUTTING THE RIBBON AS SENIOR REPRESENTATIVES OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE, GOVERNMENT AND SCIENCE LOOK ON.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



**OSLO, NORWAY.** THE BLAZING WEST WING OF THE GRAND HOTEL, OSLO, ONE OF THE CITY'S LANDMARKS, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE ON MAY 22. Despite three hours' intensive fire-fighting, the west wing of this famous hotel was completely destroyed, including two well-known banqueting halls. Among the evacuated guests were the Indian Ambassador and a Bulgarian football team. Two-thirds of the hotel's accommodation was undamaged.



**NEAR HANKOW, CHINA.** THE NEW DOUBLE-DECKER BRIDGE OVER THE YANGTSE, OF WHICH THE HALVES WERE LINKED ON MAY 4. THE BRIDGE IS EXPECTED TO BE OPEN FOR ROAD AND RAIL TRAFFIC IN SEPTEMBER.



**NEW YORK, U.S.A.** THE NEW FLAGSHIP OF THE SWEDISH-AMERICAN LINES, *GRIPSHOLM* (23,190 TONS), ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOUR ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE. Commanded by Captain Gunnar Nordenson, who highly praised the ship's British radar equipment, *Gripsholm* reached New York on May 23 on her maiden voyage. *Gripsholm*, which cost about £5,000,000, will make the Atlantic run during the summer.



**PORT SAID, EGYPT.** THE BRITISH LINER *CALEDONIA*, WHOSE PASSENGERS WERE THE FIRST BRITISH PASSENGERS TO LAND AT PORT SAID SINCE NOVEMBER. On May 20 the Anchor Line liner *Caledonia* (11,315 tons) passed through the Suez Canal, carrying passengers from Liverpool to Aden and Karachi, and some of these passengers went ashore at Port Said—the first British to do so since the Suez crisis.



**MOSCOW, RUSSIA.** THE SCENE IN THE KREMLIN DURING THE RECENT SIGNING OF A JOINT SOVIET-MONGOLIAN FRIENDSHIP STATEMENT. IN THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN MONGOLIAN MINISTERS WITH MARSHAL BULGANIN (LEFT) AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV (RIGHT), AND ALL ARE APPLAUDING THE SIGNATURE OF THE STATEMENT.



**ROME, ITALY.** THE NEW ITALIAN PREMIER, SIGNOR ZOLI, LEADER OF THE MINORITY CHRISTIAN DEMOCRAT GOVERNMENT, TAKING THE OATH ON MAY 20. Signor Zoli, who can be seen here reading the oath (left) before President Gronchi (with his hands on the table, right), leads a single party Government with a minority in the House, since it has proved impossible to form a Coalition.

# THE GREAT CATHEDRAL OF LONDON.

*"A HISTORY OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND THE MEN ASSOCIATED WITH IT":  
Edited by The Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, and The Rev. W. M. Atkins, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square.\**

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

**L**EAVE me make it clear at once that this new book about St. Paul's is not (the price alone should make that clear) one of that usual Little Guidish sort of books which compress great subjects into small spaces in a useful introductory way. It is, on the contrary, a large, compendious, scholarly historical work covering such a range of time and theme that a diversity of authors was imperative.

The first section, called "The Earliest Times to 1485," is by C. N. L. Brooke, who is Professor

saint, the apostle and martyr who was the great subject for dedications, as Professor Brooke notes, in seventh-century England. So ever since the year 604, when it began its life, the cathedral of London has been known as St. Paul's and by that name it has established itself, in the life and tradition of England."

That is not quite the whole story. When Pope Gregory, in 596-7, sent St. Augustine to England, it was his intention that this country should be divided into two provinces centred on London and York. "It may have been merely that London and York were the only two cities of sufficient size to have been heard of in Rome... London was still a town to be reckoned with, and so far Gregory's plan was justified. But in the conditions of the day it was hardly a suitable centre for missionary activity. The missionary's unit was the tribe, and his first anxiety to convert the king or leader of the tribe, in the hope that his followers would follow the king into the baptistery. But London lay uncomfortably at the meeting-place of several tribal territories, the chief town of an insignificant people, the East Saxons. When Augustine landed he had inevitably to start in Kent, where lay the centre of power of the most powerful English king of the day; a king, moreover, in touch with Christian Francia, and the husband of a Frankish, Christian wife. Thus it was that Canterbury became the metropolis of English Christianity; and it was not until Augustine felt his position in Kent to be reasonably secure, and his slender band of followers had been reinforced from Rome by the arrival of Mellitus, Justus, Paulinus, and others, that he was able to found churches in other parts of the island. Justus set up a church in Rochester, Mellitus in London, and Paulinus in York."

That extract, in itself, must indicate that Professor Brooke, in his earlier pages, is not entirely concerned with St. Paul's; his business is with the early history of the Church in England. But

suddenly faded out before Roman rule in this island ceased to be, and he can only suppose that the site of Mithras was vanquished by the Christian site. In other words there may have been a Saint Paul's Cathedral (possibly, though not certainly, called by that name) before the Romans left Londinium.

After Professor Brooke comes Canon Carpenter, who has to cope with the complications of the Reformation, the characters of John Donne (Dean of Saint Paul's), Inigo Jones and Laud, and the tribulations during the "Commonwealth" (a word now, unfortunately, revived); and then there comes a really enlightening section, entitled "The Age of Reason, 1660-1831," by the Rev. A. Tindal Hart, D.D., Rector of Blatherwycke with Laxton.

That section is thrilling and it gives a full account, freely illustrated with extracts from Pepys, Evelyn, and others, of the Great Fire of London, but it also exhibits the progress, in his designing, sometimes frustrated, of that very great man Sir Christopher Wren, the nearest universal thing we English have produced to Leonardo da Vinci.



AFTER THE GREAT FIRE: ST. PAUL'S FROM A DRAWING BY T. WYCK, SHOWING A VIEW LOOKING SOUTH-WEST FROM THE DEMOLISHED CHOIR TO THE SOUTH TRANSEPT AND THE NAVE.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Wren Society and the National Buildings Record.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S PRE-FIRE DESIGN FOR THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S.

Wren's design for a dome to take the place of the old steeple of the Cathedral is from a drawing of the exterior elevation which, with a drawing of the interior elevation, is now in the Collection at All Souls' College, Oxford.

of Mediæval History at Liverpool University, and none but a specialist could have written it. Some of his pages may not really engross the sort of reader who is bored by any laborious and documented investigation of constitutional or economic organisation and development. But a historian's duty is to his facts: their discovery, arrangement and (perhaps conjectural) explanation, and a man groping among the all-too-few records of the Dark Ages has to be at great pains to establish and connect his facts. But even in the earliest and foggiest part of his period Professor Brooke throws out suggestions which appeal to the imagination. Sir Ernest Barker, in his sprightly introduction, opens with "Most of our English cathedrals are called by the name of a city—Canterbury, York, Durham, Winchester, and so forth. The cathedral of London is unique, so far as I know, in bearing the name and style of its dedication: it is never called London Cathedral, but always by the name of St. Paul's. There is history behind this peculiarity: Canterbury had anticipated London, for local historical reasons, and attained the primacy which would naturally have gone to the great capital city; London solaced itself, as it were, by calling its cathedral not by the name of the city in which it stood, but by the name of its patron



THE CATHEDRAL IN ITS LATE-VICTORIAN SETTING: A WORTHY IMPRESSION OF WREN'S MAJESTIC BUILDING IN ITS ENTIRETY.

From a drawing by S. Read in "The Illustrated London News" of January 20, 1883.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "A History of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Men Associated With It"; by courtesy of the publisher, Phoenix House, Ltd.

he is not unaware of the fact that before the murderous, destructive Saxons arrived on our shores to destroy the Romano-Celtic civilisation, Christianity may have flourished, and have had its monuments. I know not what foundation there is for the legend of Saint Alban, a Roman soldier, reputed to be our first British martyr, to whose memory there is still consecrated that exquisitely straight and simple nave at St. Albans, above the grassy slope. But Professor Brooke, making no firm assertions, does deduce from the recent exhumation of the Temple of Mithras in the City of London that the worship of Mithras

Wren, that miracle, was Savilian Professor of Astronomy when he was twenty-nine. He was a fellow of All Souls', as was Gilbert Sheldon, later Archbishop of Canterbury—hence the Sheldonian. Old St. Paul's, badly damaged in the time of Elizabeth I, was in dire need of repair: Wren (somebody at Oxford must have realised what a genius he was) was called in to produce plans for a reconstruction. In other words, he was on the job before the Fire occurred.

So, when the Fire occurred he was obviously the man (King Charles, who had done good work fire-fighting, trusted him) to call in. He made a variety of designs, not only for St. Paul's but for the surrounding areas: he got his way about St. Paul's but not about the Town Planning. A superb job he made of it: though inside it there is still encased the statue of Dean Donne of St. Paul's, to some people a Gothic reproach to the Baroque.

Later in the book are chapters on 1831-1934 by the Rev. W. M. Atkins; on 1934 to the Present Day

by Dean Matthews, and on the History of the Fabric by Martin S. Briggs, F.R.I.B.A. These latter chapters I find poignant, and even painful. So many men I used to know are mentioned in them. And in so many instances I could supplement Dean Matthews's information.

The remark surprises myself. In my young days I never thought I could be younger than a Dean.

This is, nevertheless, a first-class book.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 916 of this issue.

## DISASTER AND DRAMA: ANOTHER TORNADO IN THE U.S.; AND ORDEAL BY FIRE IN LONDON.



(Above.)  
SHOWING THE WIDESPREAD DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE DISASTROUS TORNADO WHICH STRUCK KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, ON MAY 20: A LOW-LEVEL AERIAL VIEW OF THE SUBURB OF RUSKIN HEIGHTS.

The serious outbreak of tornadoes which has been striking the United States southwest continued on May 20 with a series of ten "twisters" which struck eastern Kansas and north-western Missouri. The most violent of these caused heavy casualties and damage in four suburban areas south of Kansas City. At least thirty-eight people were killed, over 200 were injured and many more were rendered homeless. Hardest hit was Ruskin Heights, a new suburb of Kansas City, where twenty-eight of the fatal casualties took place. Striking in the early evening the tornado ravaged an area 300 yards wide and half a mile long, shattering some sixty houses, levelling a new four-storey school and completely ruining a shopping centre. In the foreground of the photograph above may be seen the ruins of a church which was in the path of this tornado. The other Kansas City suburbs most heavily hit were Hickman Hills, Grandview and Martin City. On the same day thirteen tornadoes were seen in Nebraska and two in Oklahoma, but these did no great damage. On May 21 Missouri was again struck by a disastrous tornado, which cost at least fifteen more lives, and completely levelled the small town of Fremont. Up to the end of May 20 a total of 411 tornadoes had been reported so far this year.



IN THE PATH OF THE TORNADO: ANOTHER AERIAL VIEW OF THE DEVASTATION IN THE KANSAS CITY SUBURB OF RUSKIN HEIGHTS, WHERE AT LEAST 28 PEOPLE WERE KILLED.



(Right.)  
DRAMA IN OXFORD STREET: PURSUED BY FLAMES MISS T. KELLY JUMPS FROM A SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW DURING THE FIRE AT THE REGOX DRESS SHOP ON MAY 22.

Shortly before 4 p.m. on May 22, drama came to Oxford Street when one of the most serious fires experienced in London's West End since the war swept through the four floors of the Regox dress shop. Four women members of the staff were trapped on the second floor and were forced to jump to safety into the street below, where members of the large crowd which had gathered outside successfully broke their fall, though three of them were detained in hospital. This striking photograph was taken just as Miss Teresa Kelly was jumping—she is seen here fantastically mirrored in a window. She was the luckiest of the four, being allowed to go home after treatment at the hospital. Mrs. Peggy Barry, seen here still crouching on the ledge, also jumped to safety a few seconds later. Twelve appliances fought the fire, and part of Oxford Street was closed. After an hour the fire was brought under control, but the narrow building had been almost entirely gutted.

A TOKYO-LONDON RECORD; AND HOME  
AND WORLD NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



SETTING OUT FROM LONDON ON THE LONDON-TOKYO ROUND FLIGHT, DURING WHICH IT MADE A RECORD TOKYO-LONDON TIME: THE CANBERRA "ARIES V." On the outward journey "Aries V," the R.A.F. Canberra, despite turning back for repairs in Alaska, recorded the outward time of 38 hours 40 mins.; the return flight, completed on May 24, took only 17 hours 42 mins. The previous record for the round trip was 94 hours.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST TENT FROM THE AIR: THE HUGE MARQUEE, COVERING ABOUT 3½ ACRES OF THE CHELSEA SHOW DURING MAY 21-24. This year's Chelsea Show, which enjoyed dry, though rather chilly, weather was remarkable in the range of plants shown, thanks to the mild winter and early spring. The attendance was stated to be an advance on last year's. (Photograph by Aerofilms.)



OPENING A NEW SCIENCE MUSEUM GALLERY WITH A BANG AND A FLASH: LORD HAILSHAM, THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION, PRESSING THE BUTTON ON MAY 20. The new electric power gallery at the Science Museum was opened, with the bang and flash of a million-volt electrical discharge, by Lord Hailsham. This new collection, which has cost about £75,000, has been paid for by the Government, the electrical industry and the Central Electricity Authority.



THE OPENING OF THE NIGERIAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONFERENCE AT LANCASTER HOUSE ON MAY 23: MR. LENNOX-BOYD (RIGHT) ADDRESSING THE DELEGATES.

Over sixty Nigerian delegates representing the three regions of the country, Lagos and the Cameroons, were present for the opening of this conference on May 23. In his speech Mr. Lennox-Boyd said they had one object in view—"the prosperity, good government and unity of Nigeria."



CARRYING A DACHSHUND: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL ARRIVING FOR A PICNIC ON THE BEACH AT HOLKHAM, IN NORTH NORFOLK.

The Duke of Cornwall, who recently had his tonsils and adenoids removed, arrived at Holkham Hall, Norfolk, on May 24 to spend a few days with the Earl and Countess of Leicester. He enjoyed some outings on the beach with Lady Sarah Coke, the twelve-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Leicester.



AFTER RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE AT OXFORD: THE AMERICAN DEMOCRATIC PARTY LEADER, MR. ADLAI STEVENSON (LEFT). Mr. Adlai Stevenson, who has twice been the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for the United States Presidency, arrived in London on May 21 to spend ten days in England. On May 24 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford University.



AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: DR. W. R. MATTHEWS DEDICATING A STATUE OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD GIVEN BY MR. BERNARD SUNLEY (LEFT). On May 21 Dr. W. R. Matthews, the Dean of St. Paul's, dedicated a statue of the Madonna and Child, which was accepted for the cathedral from Mr. Bernard Sunley (left), at a special service in St. Paul's. The sculptor is Miss Josephina de Vasconcellos.

**FROM FAR AND NEAR: NEWS  
SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.**



LENT TO "THE COMPLEAT IMBIBER" EXHIBITION BY THE WORKERSHIPFUL COMPANY OF SADDLERS: THE "PACK" MONTEITH.

The well-known distillers and wine merchants, W. and A. Gilbey, Ltd., are marking their centenary with an exhibition at the Café Royal, Regent Street, which is to be seen until June 7. Under the title of "The Compleat Imbiber," the exhibition shows a great variety of objects connected with the delightful art of drinking during the last 2000 years.



AT GILBEY'S CENTENARY EXHIBITION: A CHARLES II PEG TANKARD BY JOHN PLUMMER OF YORK.



TO BE PRESENTED TO IRELAND'S OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALLIST: THE RONNIE DELANY WATERFORD GLASS TROPHY.

This outstanding example of Waterford Glass is to be presented to Ronnie Delany, who won the 1500 metres at Melbourne, on behalf of the workers of Waterford Glass. It is 18 ins. high.



(Above.)

AT THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN EDINBURGH: THE NEWLY-INSTALLED MODERATOR, THE REV. DR. GEORGE F. MACLEOD, ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLY.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland opened ceremonially in the great Assembly Hall in Edinburgh on May 21. The retiring Moderator, the Very Rev. Dr. R. F. V. Scott, nominated as his successor in office the Right Rev. Dr. G. F. Macleod, leader of the Iona Community, who was installed amid warm applause.



AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, LEANING ACROSS THE TABLE TO TALK TO THE BISHOP OF EXETER. The three-day session of the Convocation of Canterbury opened at Church House, Westminster, on May 21. In his opening address to the Full Synod, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, explained the aim of the canon law revision.



(Right.) THE QUEEN WITH HER FLEET: THE ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA (EXTREME RIGHT), ESCORTED BY SHIPS OF THE HOME FLEET, ENTERING CROMARTY FIRTH.

On May 27 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, in *Britannia* and with three escort ships, returning from Denmark, met the Home Fleet about 10 miles off Lossiemouth. The Home Fleet was led by the fast minelayer *Apollo*, to which the Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, Admiral Sir John Eccles, had transferred his flag overnight. In the photograph *Apollo* lies astern of *Britannia*, and *Superb* is on the yacht's starboard beam.



ELM HILL, NORWICH, WHICH THE SOCIETY PERSUADED THE CITY OF NORWICH TO PRESERVE INTACT WITH ITS COBBLED ROADWAY, ALSO GIVING ADVICE ON ITS RECONDITIONING.

EARLIER this year, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings celebrated the eightieth anniversary of its founding in a soirée at St James's Palace, which was honoured by the presence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. The Society sprang into being as a result of a letter from William Morris in the *Athenaeum*. [Continued below, centre.]



THE VENERABLE BREDON TITHE BARN, WORCS: BUILT BEFORE THE BLACK DEATH, PRESERVATION WORK WAS DONE BY AN ARCHITECT MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.



ONE OF THE PAVILIONS AT STONE BRUERNE, NORTHANTS: SAVED FROM DEMOLITION AFTER NEGLECT, REPAIRS CARRIED OUT BY MARSHALL SISSON, F.R.I.B.A.

*Continued.* On March 10, 1877 protesting at the proposed desecration and restoration of the Minster of Tewkesbury by Sir Gilbert Scott; in which he said: “What I wish for, therefore, is that an association should be set on foot to keep a watch on old monuments, to protest against all ‘restoration’ that means more than keeping out man and weather, and, by all means, to awaken others to awaken a feeling that our ancient buildings are not mere ecclesiastical toys, but sacred monuments of the nation’s growth and hope.” In less than three weeks this Society was founded by William Morris, who acted as the Honorary Secretary, and an equally distinguished committee of artists, architects, poets, politicians and such men of letters as Carlyle, Ruskin, Coventry Patmore, Leslie Stephen and William de Morgan. On the eightieth anniversary a small booklet was published in which the Chairman for the last twenty-five years, Lord Esher, wrote: “The Society took many years to establish its roots in the unswerving soil of English public life. From the first, its main nuisance value was obvious, and we attracted the support of those who look with grave distrust on the men and

(Left) THE FAMOUS BUTTERWALK, DARTMOUTH, WHICH WAS BOMBED IN THE WAR. IT WAS RESTORED BY A COLLABORATION OF THE SOCIETY, THE LOCAL COUNCIL AND THE MINISTRY OF WORKS.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



Dennis Flanders  
NORTHAMPTON STREET, CAMBRIDGE, CONDEMNED AS UNFIT FOR HUMAN HABITATION, PRESENTED TO THE SOCIETY AND BY THEM CONVERTED INTO MODERN FLATS.



MONTACUTE: ACQUIRED BY THE SOCIETY IN 1931 FROM THE LATE MR. E. E. COOK, MANAGED BY THEM FOR SOME YEARS AND LATER HANDED OVER TO THE NATIONAL TRUST.

women who own the noble heritage of English architecture . . . I can remember most vividly my own early days upon the Committee after the first war. Mr. Poyrys, a man of great character and ability, was the Secretary, and we had our crowded meetings in a smoky room in the Adelphi, with chairman and an uproar of obscure enthusiasts. Very little attention was given to what we said. We carried no guns; the Civil Service had never heard of us; and the whole weight of the national contempt for art fell destructively upon the beautiful buildings of the past. . . . The world now knows the sort of people that we are. Many other amenity bodies have grown up around us. We were supported by an intelligent and growing public opinion, and we are in close touch with all the Government Departments.” In this same pamphlet was given a list of landmarks in the life of the Society, and many of these, and not the least important, are naturally the passing of various Acts of Parliament, the setting up of local subsidiary bodies, the publication of records and technical advice and of battles which ended in defeat. Vital though these landmarks are, they are difficult to illustrate, and we show here in a series of drawings by our Special Artists some of the physical triumphs of the Society. [Continued above, right.]

(Right) ST. MARY-AT-HILL, BILLINGE GATE, LONDON. THE SOCIETY WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN SAVING THIS CHURCH WHEN IT WAS THREATENED IN 1879—ONE OF ITS FIRST TRIUMPHS.

JUNE 1, 1957—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—899  
PRESERVED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS.



UNION MILL, CRANBROOK, KENT. AN APPEAL TO MAINTAIN THIS STILL-WORKING MILL WAS ORGANISED BY THE SOCIETY AND REPAIRS ARE NOW BEING CARRIED OUT. KENT C.C. WILL ACCEPT FUTURE RESPONSIBILITY.  
[Continued] buildings and scenes which, but for the Society, working either alone or in conjunction with other bodies, would surely not exist to-day. They range in date from one of their first victories, the saving of St. Mary-at-Hill, in the City, in 1879, to the preservation and repair (after heavy war damage) of Dartmouth’s famous Butterwalk in 1954 and the repair of the still-working Union Mill at Cranbrook (which the owners were unable to maintain), for whose upkeep in the future Kent County Council have agreed to accept responsibility.



## THE TRANSISTOR AS THE ARCHAEOLOGIST'S LATEST TOOL: HOW A NEW TYPE OF RESISTIVITY INSTRUMENT HELPED IN THE FIRST EXCAVATIONS OF ROMAN CUNETIO.

By ANTHONY CLARK.

(Figs. 2 and 6 reproduced by permission of The Distillers Company, Ltd.)

THE defences of the Roman town of Cunetio, Mildenhall, Wiltshire, the first trial excavation of which was carried out last summer under the joint direction of Mr. F. K. Annable and Miss Ild Anthony, are striking both in magnitude and layout and, as excavation is extended in coming years, much more will be heard about them. This article will attempt to introduce the site to the reader by way of a description of the scientific processes which led to the discovery and precise location of the totally-buried defences before a single spadeful of soil was dug.

Cunetio stood in the upper Kennet Valley, between the south bank of the river and the long hill ridge nobly lined by the sombre northernmost trees of Savernake Forest. Here two Roman trunk roads intersected—one from London to Bath, the other from Cirencester to Winchester. Pottery, coins and other small finds have been picked up on the site, known as Black Field, for many years, but no features of the town are visible above ground, and the character of the settlement was quite unknown until, after the war, Dr. J. K. St. Joseph, Curator in Aerial Photography in the University of Cambridge, was flying over Wiltshire and observed crop discolourations in the field. Of these he took photographs, which revealed clearly and for the first time the layout of the 1600-year-old walls of Cunetio (Fig. 1). Preliminary to the excavation, in the summer of 1956, the features thus discovered were located precisely by means of a ground resistivity survey, using a new type of instrument for the first time, and the trenches were thereby laid out without any loss of time in preliminary trial digging.

Aerial photography of crop-marks and resistivity survey reveal buried remains in fundamentally the same way: both detect changes in the moistness of the soil caused by the presence of the remains. Fig. 3a shows a sectional diagram of a field bearing a corn crop.

a destroyed masonry wall, also invisible on the surface. The filling of the ditch, being similar in consistency to the topsoil, provides extra moisture and deeper rooting for the crop above,



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ROMAN TOWN OF CUNETIO, AT MILDENHALL, WILTS: THE SUBJECT OF A RECENT ELECTRICAL RESISTIVITY SURVEY AND TRIAL EXCAVATION.

This photograph was made in the course of air reconnaissance sponsored by the University of Cambridge Committee for Aerial Photography. A corner of the walled Roman town, with bastions, can be seen in the darker part of the field towards the centre background, as areas of parching in the crop. A similar effect reveals the bank of the earlier defence system running parallel with and behind the wall, and, in the lighter part of the field, turning and approaching the foreground.

(Reproduced by permission of the Air Ministry.)

which grows more sturdily than elsewhere. Above the buried wall we have the opposite effect: the crop is starved of moisture and grows weakly. If observation of the field is carefully timed to occur as the crop generally is just beginning to ripen, plants above filled ditches and pits, being well supplied with water, will still be green and dark, while those over masonry remains will have dried out prematurely and will show as bleached lines in the crop. Viewed from the ground, these effects are diffuse and usually seen too obliquely to be comprehensible, but from the air are often strikingly clear.

Fig. 3b shows the same section of field, without the crop, with steel

probes inserted for resistance measurements. All soil conducts electricity, but its resistance to the passage of an electric current depends chiefly on how damp it is and on its depth. If a current is passed between probes 1 and 2, most of it will pass through the narrow band of damp topsoil, and a suitable meter will record a moderate resistance. The greater

depth of damp soil between probes 3 and 4 will present a much lower resistance to the current, and the dry masonry between 5 and 6 will give a high resistance reading. If a series of contiguous readings, with a fixed probe spacing of, say, 6 ft., are taken along a line across the filled ditch and buried wall, the resistance rises and falls as the graph (Fig. 3c), echoing the outline of the buried remains.

Although soil-resistance survey has been used with success as an archaeological technique since the war, the special difficulties of the measurement have previously necessitated the use of formidably cumbersome equipment. At Cunetio, however, an important advance in resistivity measurement was made by the use of a simplified and truly portable instrument designed by Mr. John Martin (Fig. 2). This takes advantage of the miniature circuit and low power consumption which can now be achieved by the use of transistors. Fig. 6 shows the instrument in use: leads from it are clipped to the two probes and a pointer is moved over a dial and registers the resistance between the probes when a sound in the earphones is at a minimum. Three probes are used in practice so that the resistance between two of them can be measured while an assistant is moving the third to a new position, thus enabling the operator to obtain readings continuously. The probes have been carefully designed for easy insertion and precise depth of penetration—an important point if accuracy is to be achieved.

At Cunetio the first aerial photographs (Fig. 1) were taken when the crop was displaying only the parched effect due to buried masonry and rubble. The town was defended by a substantial wall enclosing a roughly rectangular area within which an earlier defensive system of deep ditches, and possibly another wall, was visible. Rectangular bastions showed clearly at intervals along the outer wall. In Fig. 1, looking southeast, the south sides of the two defence systems can be



FIG. 2. THE NEW MINIATURE TRANSISTOR-TYPE RESISTIVITY INSTRUMENT WITH WHICH THE BURIED WALLS AND DITCHES OF THE ROMAN TOWN WERE PRECISELY LOCATED, USING THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS AS A GUIDE.

This light, neat and efficient tool for the archaeologist—the method and scope of which are described in this article—was developed by the Instrumentation Laboratory of the Distillers' Company Ltd. for Messrs. F. A. Hughes Ltd., by whose permission we reproduce the description and photographs.

about a foot of ordinary damp, earthy topsoil, with relatively well-drained and therefore drier stony subsoil beneath. At the centre, however, there has been in antiquity a large ditch cutting into the subsoil, and in the course of centuries this ditch has entirely silted-up with soil and vegetable mould until it is no longer visible on the surface. On the right is the foundation of

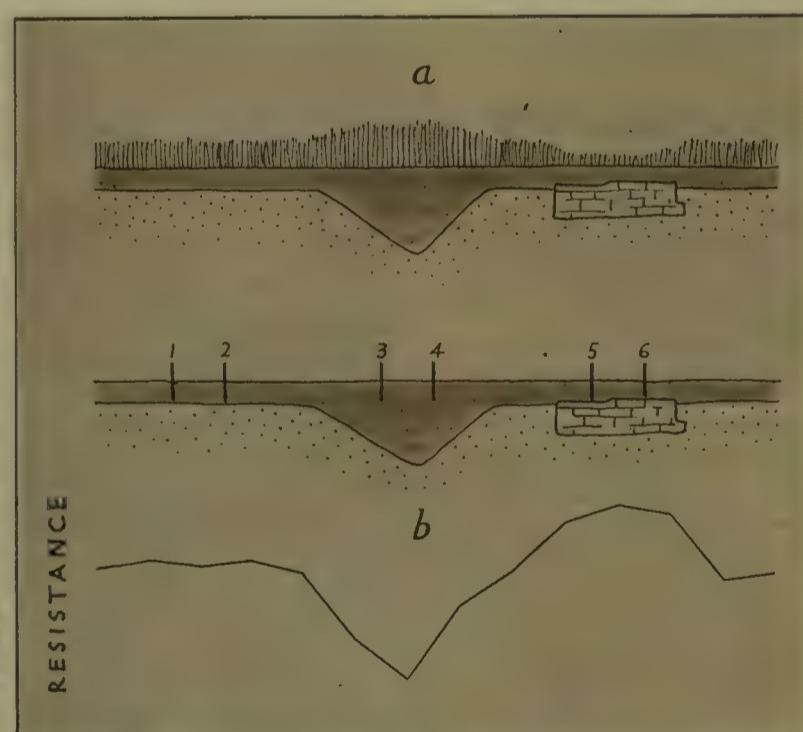


FIG. 3. AERIAL-CUM-RESISTIVITY SURVEY IN OPERATION: A CROSS-SECTION OF A TYPICAL FIELD.

This field contains a silted ditch and a buried-wall foundation. Diagram (a) shows the effect on a growing crop, seen from the air as colour variations. In (b) the same section is pegged out with the probes of a resistivity survey; and in (c) the readings of those probes are given as a sort of graph of the electrical resistance.

seen running closely parallel in the dark crop near the top of the picture, where two of the wall bastions show well. Subsequent photographs, taken with a crop in a more suitable condition in the nearer part of the field, showed that the wall projected beyond the curved corner of the original defence (close to the right-hand margin).

[Continued opposite]

## THE TRANSISTOR AT WORK ON THE FIRST EXCAVATIONS OF CUNETIO.

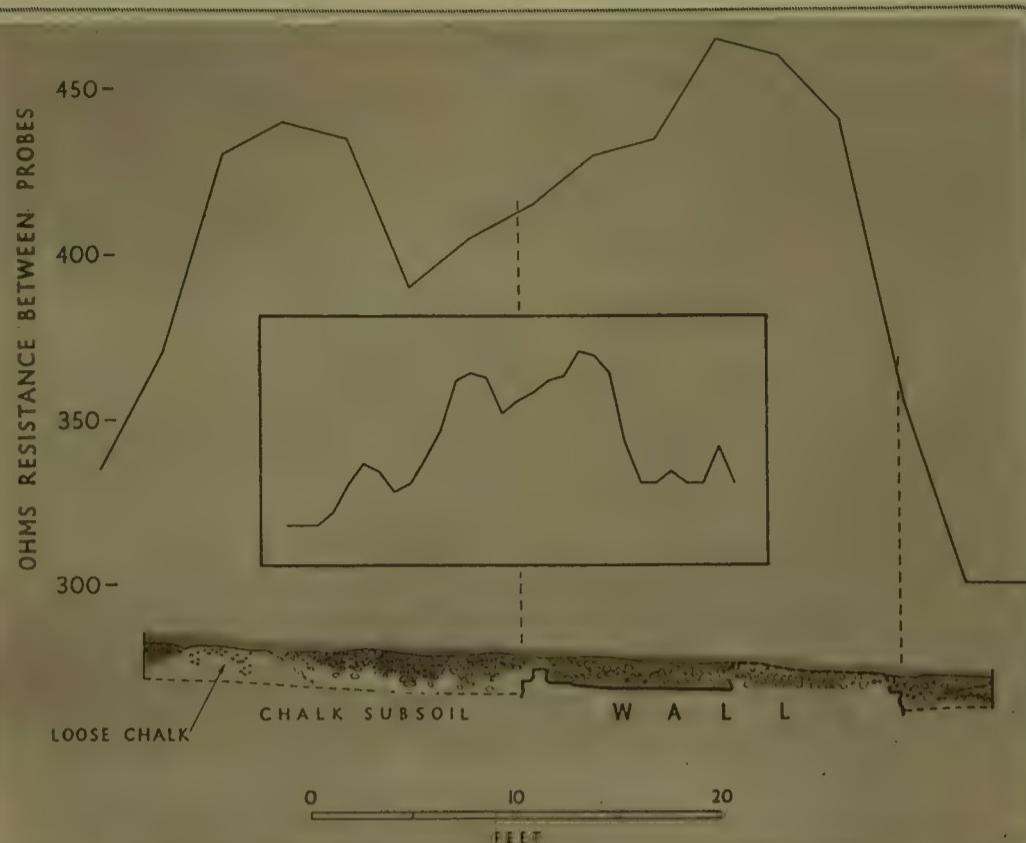


FIG. 4. IN THE CENTRE THE RESISTANCE GRAPH OF A TRAVERSE OF A BURIED WALL AND DITCH; (ABOVE) AN ENLARGED SECTION OF THIS GRAPH, MATCHED WITH (BELOW) THE FINDINGS REVEALED BY SUBSEQUENT EXCAVATION ON THE LINE OF THIS TRAVERSE.

*Continued.* of Fig. 1) at least as far as the wooded lane, which may mark the line of the west wall; and a gateway flanked by two towers was revealed in the east wall. The trial excavation of 1956 was limited in scope and consisted of two trenches across the wall close to the lane, a trench further across the field where the two defence systems run side by side, and a trench across the ditch outside the earlier defence (Fig. 7), where it runs parallel to the lane towards the foreground of Fig. 1. Fig. 4 shows the result of an actual resistivity traverse, taken across the line of the wall foundation (Fig. 5) close to the lane at the right of Fig. 1, compared with what was actually found in the trench based on the traverse. The heavy fall in resistance outside the wall was encountered at all other points tested, and indicates the presence of a ditch outside the town which is not visible on the air photograph and which has not yet been excavated. A preliminary examination of the coins and pottery found in the 1956 excavation suggests that the earlier defence system at Cunetio was constructed some time after the middle of the second century and that the

[Continued below.]



FIG. 5. A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SAME TRAVERSE AS FIG. 4, AFTER EXCAVATION, WITH THE WALL REVEALED IN THE BACKGROUND OF THIS TRENCH. IN THE FOREGROUND THE EARLIER DITCH.



FIG. 6. THE RESISTIVITY INSTRUMENT (FIG. 2) IN ACTION. ELECTRICAL RESISTANCE IS MEASURED BETWEEN TWO PROBES INSERTED AT FIXED INTERVALS. A THIRD PROBE IS READY FOR THE NEXT READING.

*Continued.* outer wall is not earlier than the end of the third century. This seems to agree with the remarkably consistent pattern that is beginning to emerge for the development of many of the smaller fortified civil towns, about which anything is known, in Roman Britain. Many towns were first walled at the end of the second century, possibly when the upstart governor Clodius Albinus removed the garrison to the continent in his bid for the throne, leaving the province open to attack. In the fourth century, increasing barbarian pressure and the invention of the ballista spring-gun, made changes in the old defences

FIG. 7. THE GREAT 12-FT.-DEEP MAIN DITCH OF THE EARLIER DEFENCES OF CUNETIO—A TYPICAL V-SECTION. SHOWN ALSO, IN THE REVERSE DIRECTION, IN FIG. 5.

necessary. Bastions were built out from the walls as emplacements for ballista, and ditches had to be filled and recut further away to make room for the bastions. At Cunetio the opportunity seems to have been taken to build a completely new wall with bastions, a wall with a foundation no less than 18 ft. 6 ins. wide. The town must have been a prosperous one. As excavation proceeds in this and subsequent years, Cunetio should add much to our knowledge of the defensive development of the country towns of Roman Britain.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### CAT AND MOUSE: SLOW-MOTION DRAMA.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

**W**E were about to sit down to breakfast when there came an urgent knocking on the window. I looked up to see my daughter beckoning me outside. At the front door she signalled silence and, almost on tiptoe, led the way to a tall rose-bush beside which our black-and-white cat was crouched sleepily, as if doing nothing more than enjoying the morning sunshine. My daughter halted by the rose-bush and cautiously pointed into it. Following her directions, I looked and, in due course—for the object of our visit was not easy to detect—I saw a wood-mouse seated in a crotch of the bush.

It seems that the cat had brought the mouse in from the woods across the road, had set it down on the grass bordering the rose-bed, from whence the mouse, seizing the slender opportunity, had leapt into the bush to safety. Here, then, was the scene—a mouse immobile in the heart of the rose-bush, the cat on the grass below equally still, neither showing much concern for the other. We cannot tell what goes on within their brains, but from outward appearances the mouse showed no fear, certainly no panic, and the cat was content to wait, behaving meanwhile as if the mouse were not there. It was slow-motion drama at a very low intensity.

We stood watching for several minutes, at the end of which I suggested that the scene might be worth photographing. If this sounds like cold-blooded exploitation of a small animal's dire predicament, it can be offset by stating now that we had every intention of conniving at the mouse's ultimate escape. It must have been several more minutes before the camera had been brought to the scene and focussed, and during the whole of this time the mouse had hardly moved a muscle and the cat had done no more than look up once, sharply, in a quick glance, as if to assure itself that the mouse was still there before relapsing again into semi-somnolence.

A photograph was taken of the mouse, and one of the bush with the cat beside it; and since everything remained static it seemed worth while to try for other photographs. We moved cautiously to the other side of the bush, both cat and mouse remaining immobile all the time. We had hoped for less foliage on that side, to give the chance of a closer focussing on the mouse, but in this we were disappointed. Then the mouse began slowly to climb up the branches of the rose-bush, to where the foliage thinned out. It was now some 4 ft. up from ground-level. Here, we thought, was the very best situation. With the mouse on the topmost twigs a good close-up picture could be taken, after which I would hold the cat while the mouse was allowed to escape. But the mouse took the initiative. Once on the topmost twigs, it took a long leap to the ground and to freedom.

In the context of human affairs this is a very trivial incident: no more than a cat chasing a mouse. For the mouse it was a matter of life and death; for the cat, also, the incident had an importance. The episode must, therefore, have something to teach us, and of the several things to be learnt from it perhaps the most outstanding—certainly the most obvious—concerns the character of a cat's hunting, the hall-mark of which is unlimited patience. A cat has "all the time in the world." This one, having allowed the mouse to evade it, was well aware that sooner or later the mouse must come down from the rose-bush. So it made itself comfortable and waited, fully relaxed, hardly bothering to watch its quarry, except for the occasional glance upwards. There was in its whole attitude an appearance of complete confidence that when the moment arrived its senses would give instant warning and its muscles would respond in a lightning burst of movement. That, indeed, is what happened. The final

leap to the ground by the mouse was almost too quick for the eye to follow, and the cat sprang at the same moment, and in doing so rose from a completely relaxed and recumbent position, made an almost complete turn about, leapt a distance of some 2 ft., and landed with its front paws almost at the same spot as that on which the mouse landed.

This description of the course of events may give the impression that the cat was indifferent to the presence of the mouse in the bush, was neglectful of it, or, in short, was not concentrating on it. The reverse must be true, for the cat took no notice of anything we were doing, and the suddenness and speed of that final leap was clear evidence that the cat had its attention on the task in hand.

It is of interest to compare with this the sequence of actions shown by the mouse. For most of the time we had it under observation the mouse was immobile, as we have already noted. It made no movement, no apparent reaction to being photographed, except

a slight start as the shutter of the camera clicked. It seemed to be equally undisturbed by our movements, which we made as gentle and unobtrusive as possible. Then, when it finally moved, to climb upwards, it did so in a leisurely way, stopping every now and then, as if surveying its surroundings. Again and again it presented opportunities for a better photograph than the only one we have of it, but all the time we were hoping to get a first-class picture of it standing on the topmost twig, unmasked by foliage. Unfortunately, when it



THE HUNTER.

A wood-mouse, or long-tailed field-mouse, has taken refuge in a rose-bush. On its perch, several feet up from the ground, it waits for the chance to escape.

reached that point, it had jumped before the shutter of the camera could be worked.

The leisurely movements, the stopping repeatedly, as if taking stock of its surroundings, gave every appearance of a complete absence of panic, possibly even of fear. It was of interest also to see how it chose a vantage-point from which to jump so that in its passage through the air there was no risk of colliding with the twigs or foliage of the rose-bush. There was a third point to be noted. The line of escape used by the mouse was not directly away from us or from the cat, for by the time it took place we were standing over the cat. It could as easily have jumped so that it landed on the ground the other side of the bush. The fact that, instead of doing so, it jumped to land on the same side as the cat was squatting, together with its calm appearance and the deliberate movements, suggests to me that it had forgotten the cat was there, had forgotten it had so recently escaped literally from the jaws of death, and was oblivious of the real dangers.

From other observations it seems highly probable that the wood-mouse has fairly short and not very acute sight. Since its enemy on the ground remained so still it would have had little to refresh its memory, and we may presume that by the time it jumped to the ground it had forgotten its recent experiences as well as the cause of them still waiting immobile but ready to cause their repetition. This does not mean necessarily that a mouse has a short memory, for the whole episode occupied at least one-and-a-half hours.



THE HUNTER.

The cat, having driven the mouse into the bush, settles down comfortably to wait for the quarry it knows must come down, and, with "all the time in the world," merely glances up occasionally to make sure it is still there. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

## AT HOME AND ABROAD: THE ROVING CAMERA IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.



THE WORLD'S TWENTY-EIGHTH WHOOPING CRANE HATCHED IN NEW ORLEANS: THE NEW ARRIVAL WITH ITS FATHER, CRIP.

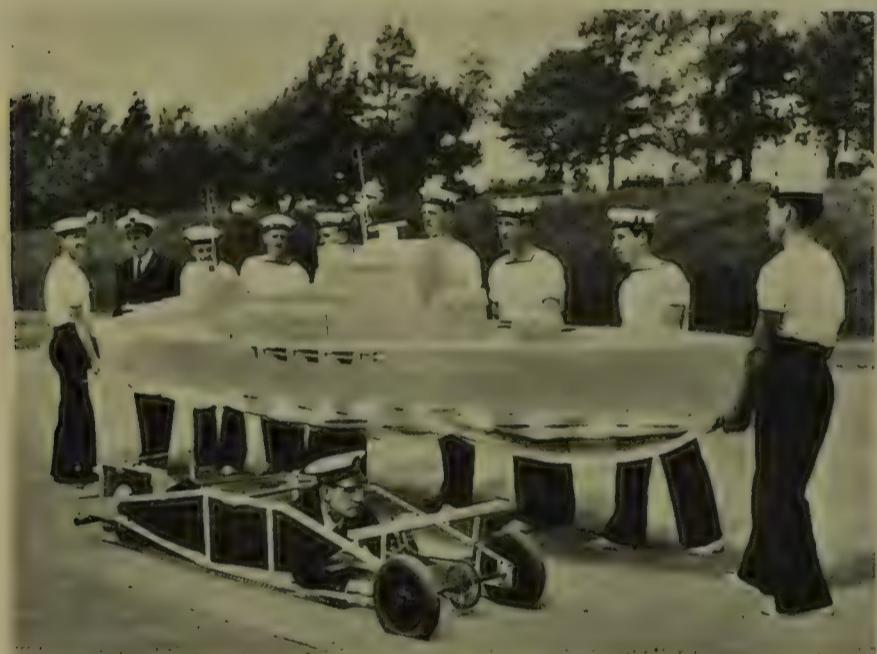
The first of two eggs laid by *Josephine*, the whooping crane, at Audubon Zoo, New Orleans, was hatched on May 19 and the second on May 21. It is thought there are now twenty-nine of these rare birds in existence.



A TRIPLE DEAD-HEAT AT BUFFALO RACEWAY, NEW YORK: THREE HORSES TYING IN A HARNESS-RACING PHOTO-FINISH ON MAY 20. ONLY ONE OTHER SIMILAR DEAD-HEAT IS RECORDED.



AT THE AMERICAN ARMED FORCES' DISPLAY AT TEMPELHOF AIRPORT, BERLIN, ON MAY 18-19: HIGH-RANKING SPECTATORS REFLECTED IN THE PLATED HELMETS OF TWO U.S. SOLDIERS.



PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: A PETTY-OFFICER TRIES OUT THE MACHINERY OF A MAN-PROPELLED MODEL WARSHIP.

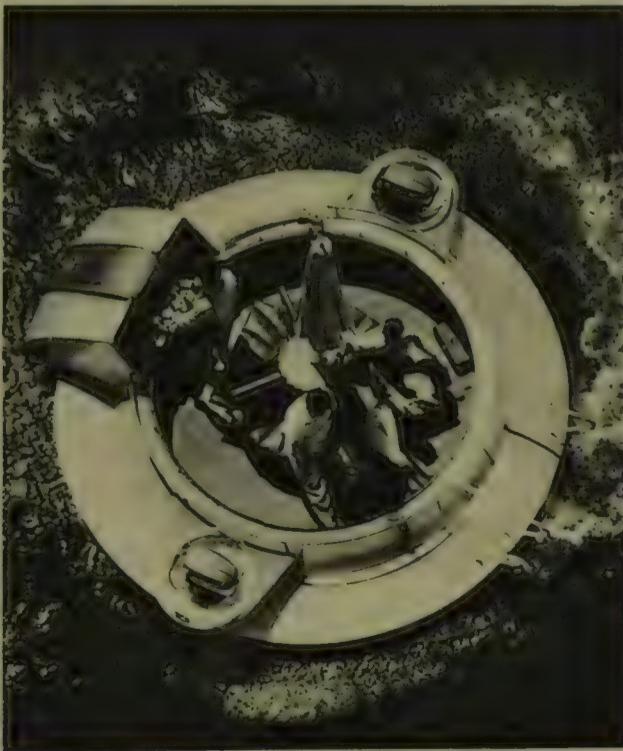
One of the items of the Royal Tournament this year, which will be held at Earls Court from June 5 to 22, is a pageant of naval gunnery. An unseen actor in the pageant will be the sailor propelling the model warship which is seen above in a rehearsal at Whale Island.



A CAR-CARAVAN WITH ALL MODERN CONVENiences: THE CALTHORPE HOME CRUISER, SHOWN WITH ITS ELEVATING ROOF IN THE RAISED POSITION. The first production model of the Calthorpe Home Cruiser was demonstrated recently at Shaw and Kilburn's showrooms, Berkeley Square, W.1. It is luxuriously appointed inside with all modern conveniences and has an adjustable roof.



TO CELEBRATE THE 21st ANNIVERSARY OF AER LINGUS ON MAY 27: A MONSTER CAKE, FLOWN FROM DUBLIN FOR A PARTY IN LONDON.



A FISHING BOAT RESEMBLING A FLYING SAUCER: A NEW 14-FT. CRAFT UNDERGOING TESTS RECENTLY AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.



OPENED BY THE MINISTER OF SUPPLY ON MAY 24: THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY'S LARGE NEW WIND-TUNNEL AT FILTON, BRISTOL.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## MEETING AN OLD FRIEND IN THE JUNGLE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

A WEEK or two ago I paid a visit to a garden in the little Cotswold town of Bourton-on-the-Water. It is a fairly large garden as town—or even country-town—gardens go, and having been originally owned, planned and planted by a famous and distinguished gardener, the place was full of interest, and packed with choice trees and shrubs and plants which have been there long enough to have reached full maturity. But for some little time the place has lain vacant and been allowed to run wild, and it is astonishing how rapidly and with what enthusiasm a garden will go native and revert to jungle.

Recently, however, the property has been acquired by a native of Bourton-on-the-Water, a man with ideas, vision and—most important—the means to convert ideas into reality, to reclaim the jungle and restore order among the many fine garden features which the jungle had engulped.

When I first visited this one-time garden with its new owner a few months ago, so dense was alien growth that in places it was not easy to follow the paths, nor even tell where the paths lay. But on my last visit I found that great changes had been wrought. Paths had been cleared of brambles, thistles, nettles and other hearties, and choice shrubs had been released from the unwanted embraces of strangling thugs. It was grand to see magnificent specimens of *Viburnum fragrans*, the finest and largest I have ever met, 10 ft. tall and more, cleared, and given breathing and flowering space.

And the rocks! There were, and are, hundreds of tons of rock, of a type which is new to me. Some form of limestone, rugged, well-weathered and waterworn, but not the popular Yorkshire and Westmorland limestone. This is browner in colour and is even more blessed with deep, natural holes and crevices, ideal as homes for saxatile Alpine plants. Incidentally, it is evidently far more suitable for use in a town rock garden. The waterworn Yorkshire rock is perhaps the worst of all stone for a town garden. In a year or two it loses its beautiful bloom and blue-grey colour, and goes as white and stark as a valley of dry bones. This limestone at Bourton—I wish I knew where it came from—appears to retain its pleasant, warm brown tone. Unfortunately, however, in the Bourton garden, this fine rock has been largely wasted. It was apparently brought there, and dumped and piled by path-sides, by someone who had no idea of rock-garden construction, or how rocks lie in nature, or how they can be arranged to make congenial settings for plant life. Here and there great monoliths of 5 or 6 cwt. or more sit upright upon their haunches, more like bears begging for buns than rocks in nature. All that, however, is, I understand, to be put right. It will only be a matter of intelligent rearrangement—and planting.

And the garden as a whole? My friend the owner's plan is to convert the whole place into a zoo-garden, with garden predominating, and it is to be open to the public—subject to some small financial transaction at the gate. Fortunately, I was able to introduce the owner to the one man in all England with the most profound knowledge of the formation and the running of zoos, who at once gave my friend invaluable foundation advice, and useful introductions and addresses. The main features and interests—at first, at any

rate—will be beautiful garden plants and flowers, birds, water and fish. A chain of ponds with a system of circulating water has been constructed, many fine, roomy aviaries have been built, and others are under construction. And, most important, there are to be plenty of garden seats.

interested me greatly has been built around an immense bush of forsythia, with plenty of elbow-and flight-room, and this is already inhabited by a happy family of many species of small exotic birds who can hide and nest in the innermost recesses of the great bush, or come out and fly as they choose. Then there is a fine aviary in which live a great concourse of budgerigars of every delicious colour that these chatty little birds have achieved—green, blue, grey, white, olive, cobalt, and turquoise of every shade and tone imaginable. Enchanting. And already many of them are nesting. In another aviary is a macaw. Terrific! Huge, fantastically gaudy, and yet with an air of profound wisdom as though he were responsible for the whole of the rest of the zoo set-up. Fish and ornamental waterfowl will shortly inhabit the chain of pools, and I hear rumours of flamingos, due for one particular pool in a charmingly bosky setting.

There is obviously much to be done yet, both on the garden side and among the birds and beasts and fishes, though I understand that for the time being, at any rate, there are to be few, if any, beasts or mammals. But there will be plenty of interest and beauty for the opening of this small, bijou country zoo, which, I understand, is due to take place at an early date.

Just before I left on my last visit, my eye was caught by a flash of brilliant scarlet, a spray of blossom spilling out from the mass of some leafy shrub. At a distance of twenty yards it might well have been a branch of some fuchsia, except that it was more vividly red than any fuchsia, and certainly too early for any outdoor variety. I found that it was a specimen of an old and favourite friend of mine, a Californian gooseberry, which I had not seen since I grew it in Hertfordshire thirty or more years ago. So pleased was I to meet again this beautiful flowering shrub that all presence of mind deserted me. I lost a great opportunity. Obviously I ought to have held out my hand and exclaimed, "Ribes speciosus, I presume?", for that is what it was.

In leaf it is like any other gooseberry, and in habit, too, except that the bush can reach a height of as much as 6 or 7 ft. In early summer, at about the time that the first green goosegogs are ready to be stewed and drenched in cream, every slender stem of *Ribes speciosus* is behung from end to end with blossoms which look curiously like long, slender, scarlet fuchsia flowers with petticoats but without the flared-out skirts of a fuchsia. It is one of those flowering shrubs which, in spite of real beauty, have somehow been largely overlooked and forgotten. Can it be the slender, needle-sharp spines with which the bush is armed that have kept it out of favour? Hardly, I think. As a race we are reasonably tough, and not unaddicted to blood sports.

Anyway, it was a real pleasure to meet *Ribes speciosus* again. The old bush had grown up through some other shrub, and at a height of 4 or 5 ft. from the ground had grown out into the light and air, there to advertise its welcome presence, with a spray or two of vivid blossom. But from now on it is to be freed from its strangling neighbour and encouraged to grow and flower as it deserves. Moreover, I have been promised a cutting or two, and I know from experience that 12-in. shoots of *Ribes speciosus* strike like weeds—or like any goosegog.



A FLOWERING SHRUB WHICH, IN SPITE OF REAL BEAUTY, HAS SOMEHOW BEEN LARGE OVERLOOKED AND FORGOTTEN: *RIBES SPECIOSUS*. FROM A PLATE IN THE BOTANICAL MAGAZINE OF 1836.

Birds have begun to arrive—parrots, cockatoos, parakeets, love-birds, ornamental pheasants—silver, golden and Amherst. One aviary which

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**PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:**  
**PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.**



**NATURALIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER: THE LATE CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT.**  
Captain C. W. R. Knight, who died in Kenya on May 19 aged seventy-three, was well known as a photographer of wild life and particularly for his interest in the golden eagle. His tame eagle Mr. Ramshaw accompanied him on visits to many countries and was well known in Britain.



**THE MOROCCAN AMBASSADOR PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS : PRINCE MOULAY HASSAN.**  
Prince Moulay Hassan Ben El Mehdi, the first Moroccan Ambassador to London, was to present his credentials to the Queen at Buckingham Palace on May 30. His appointment was announced last summer but he did not come to England until very recently. He is related to the Sultan of Morocco and one of his former appointments was that of Caliph of the Northern Zone of Morocco under the French administration.



**APPOINTED BISHOP OF TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO: THE VEN. F. N. CHAMBERLAIN.**  
The Archbishop of the West Indies has announced the appointment of the Ven. Frank Noel Chamberlain, who was Chaplain of the Fleet and Archdeacon of the Royal Navy, and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, from 1952-56, as Bishop of Trinidad and Tobago. He was educated at Haberdashers' School and King's College, London, and became a Royal Navy Chaplain in 1928. Since 1956 he has been Chaplain of the Red Ensign Club.



**EAST COAST SHIPPING FIGURE: THE LATE MR. E. R. FRY.**  
Mr. Eric R. Fry, deputy chairman of Brooke Marine Ltd., of Lowestoft, part of the Dowsett Group, died on May 12. In 1941 Mr. Fry was appointed general manager of the Brooke Marine shipyard. In 1953 he played a prominent part in gaining the £6,000,000 order for twenty Russian trawlers.



**A FAMOUS ACTRESS DIES . . . JULIA NEILSON.**

Julia Neilson, a world-famous actress of former days, died at the age of eighty-eight on May 27. One of her most successful parts was as Rosalind in "As You Like It." She was married to Fred Terry, and from 1900 had co-operated with him in management and production.



**A FORMAL GROUP OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA TAKEN IN WASHINGTON RECENTLY.**

In this formal group of the American Supreme Court the nine members are: seated, l. to r., Associate Justices William O. Douglas and Hugo Black, Chief Justice Earl Warren, and Associate Justices Felix Frankfurter and Harold H. Burton; standing, l. to r., are Associate Justices William J. Brennan, Jr., Tom C. Clark, John M. Harlan and Charles C. Whittaker.



**A MYSTERIOUS MURDER: COUNTESS LUBIENSKA.**  
Countess Teresa Lubienska was stabbed to death in London on May 24. Neither the murderer nor his motive was known on going to press. She was a resistance worker during the German occupation of Poland until her capture, and more recently organised aid for former Polish political prisoners.



**NEW MINISTER TO THE HOLY SEE: SIR MARCUS CHEKE.**  
Sir Marcus Cheke, the newly-appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Holy See, was received in audience by the Queen on May 17 when she conferred upon him the honour of Knighthood and invested him with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.



**A MALAYAN APPOINTMENT :**

MR. G. W. TORY.  
Mr. G. W. Tory, United Kingdom Deputy High Commissioner in Australia, is to be the first United Kingdom High Commissioner in the Federation of Malaya when it becomes independent, which is planned for the end of August this year. Mr. Tory is forty-four.

**TAKING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: LORD HAILES WITH HIS SPONSORS, THE EARL OF DUNDEE (L.) AND LORD COTTESLOE. (R.)**  
Lord Hailes, who was created a Baron on the formation of Mr. Macmillan's Cabinet, took his seat in the House of Lords on May 22. He is to be First Governor-General of the Caribbean Federation.



**A DISTINGUISHED CAREER: THE LATE SIR GEOFFREY WHISKARD.**  
Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, who died on May 19, had a long and distinguished career in the public service. Born in 1886, he entered the Home Office in 1911. From 1936 to 1941 he was United Kingdom High Commissioner in Australia, and had served at the Colonial and the Dominions Office.



**ON HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON FOR DEFENCE TALKS: HERR STRAUSS (RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. SANDYS.**  
Discussions on defence problems were held between Mr. Sandys, the Defence Minister, and Herr Strauss, the German Defence Minister, at the Ministry of Defence on May 23 and 24.



IT is not often that Limoges enamels are seen in either quantity or quality in London outside public collections, so that viewing some seventy pieces at Christie's before a sale on May 14, ranging in date from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, was a pleasant experience. I am told that the great days of the collector of these singularly attractive enamels ended about half a century ago, by which time many of the finest examples had found permanent homes either in Europe or across the Atlantic, and various ingenious characters, not all of them operating in France, had produced some first-class imitations—so good as to deceive all but those of the elect who had so trained their sensibilities as to be possessed of a sixth sense, whereby, confronted by a doubtful piece, and sniffing the air like a good retriever, they were able to pronounce judgment. Incidentally, we all like to imagine we have attained to that degree of expertise in one or other of those subjects dear to us. Perhaps some of us have; the rest of us can hope not to be proved wrong on more than one occasion in ten. However, that's by the way.

In modern times, thanks to the discovery of china clay in the neighbourhood at the end of the eighteenth century, Limoges has become the centre of the French porcelain industry. The mediæval city was known for its enamels and metalwork, and, by the sixteenth century, as the place where an entirely new kind of enamelling was developed. Early enamels were of two sorts, both practised under the Byzantines and in Europe—*champlevé* and *cloisonné*. In the former the copper base was gouged out into

time enamelling became pictorial, and, instead of being a minor adjunct of the craft of the goldsmith, grew into a specialised trade, mainly in the hands of a few families, as was so often the case with particular crafts, the family "know-how" being handed down from father to son. No nonsense about the artist being an odd creature at odds with his environment. The most meticulous research has unearthed a few names—that of the Pénicaud family, for example—but without reaching a definite conclusion as to the exact contribution made by its various members, five in number, beginning with Leonard, whose signature appears with the date 1503 on the earliest dated Limoges enamel in the Cluny Museum. The most illustrious of all the Limoges

Paris in 1927. Thence it went to New York, to the collection of Mortimer Schiff, and was sold at Christie's in 1938. Such small devotional plaques as this, so easily carried about and so difficult to damage, must have been made in considerable numbers. The subjects, whether religious or secular—unless they were portraits—were usually taken from current prints; for example, twelve small panels, each  $5\frac{1}{4}$  by  $4\frac{1}{4}$  ins., painted in grisaille, colours and gold, with scenes from the Passion, based upon the woodcuts by Albrecht Dürer, known as "The Small Passion" (Fig. 2). The other style, that of the High Renaissance and straight from Italy, is seen in the oval dish of Fig. 1, with its adaptation of a print by, I suppose, Raimondi. Colours—grisaille on black,

and a delightful mixture of Christian and Pagan features—The Creation in the centre, Cupid masks on the rim, and on the reverse Cupid playing a lyre in a landscape with peacock and ostrich, the borders with satyrs, Cupid masks again, and chain ornament.

What one cannot give in a photograph is the sumptuous effect of the rich blacks, blues, reds of the originals; nor the delicate shading of the grisailles against their dark background. Adaptation was sometimes stretched to what we consider absurdity, as in a famous plate, now in the Louvre, originally made for the Constable of Montmorency. In this the enameller has taken a Raphael composition of "The Festival of the Gods" which would have been known to him from a print, but has changed the company into personages of his own time, with Henri II substituted for Jupiter, and seated between two goddesses—his wife Catherine de Medici and his mistress Diane de Poitiers.

As to the vogue for these enamels during their hey-day—that is, the sixteenth century—when Catherine died in 1589 her inventory recorded thirty-nine little oval tablets of Limoges and thirty-two Limoges enamel portraits.

So much for the beginning of this very specialised craft. Its influence, though, was far wider than its humble originators could have imagined. It evolved into some very pretty work in the eighteenth century in Europe, including the English enamels we label generally as Battersea, but which mostly came from the Midlands. It also had a noticeable effect upon the Chinese, whose Canton enamels were definitely inspired by it; and for so inventive a people to have been influenced to that extent by a Western minor craft is something quite extraordinary.



FIG. 1. IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN HIGH RENAISSANCE: A LIMOGES ENAMEL OVAL DISH DECORATED IN GRISAILLE ON BLACK WITH "A DELIGHTFUL MIXTURE OF CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN FEATURES." THESE LIMOGES ENAMELS WERE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON MAY 14 AND ARE DISCUSSED HERE  
BY FRANK DAVIS. (18½ by 14½ ins.) (Messrs. Christie's.)

craftsmen is Leonard Limousin, son of a local innkeeper, who became painter and *valet de chambre* to Francis I. He entered the King's service in 1530 and died in 1577, leaving behind him, it is said, nearly 2000 signed enamels.

The rare fifteenth-century enamels are, like fifteenth-century paintings in oils or tempera, nearly always of religious subjects, and Fig. 3 here is a fine example of this prevailing style. Date early sixteenth century; exhibited in



FIG. 2. BASED ON "THE SMALL PASSION" WOODCUTS BY ALBRECHT DÜRER: TWO OF A SERIES OF TWELVE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY LIMOGES ENAMEL PANELS WITH SCENES FROM THE PASSION OF CHRIST. THERE IS A SIMILAR SERIES IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION. (Each panel about 5½ by 4½ ins.) (Messrs. Christie's.)

little compartments in which were placed the various colours before firing, so that they should not run into one another. In the latter the same result was achieved not by gouging out, but by building up *cloisons* or little walls (generally of gold). It was this *cloisonné* technique which found its way to the fabulous East—some suggest as a result of the conquest of Byzantium by the Turks in 1453—and was adapted by Chinese craftsmen for their own purposes. Hence the remarkable Chinese *cloisonné* enamels from the Ming Dynasty onwards. It has been suggested also—that this is far more speculative—that Chinese contacts with the West in the eighth and ninth centuries A.D. under the T'ang emperors gave them the idea of treating some of the pottery of those days in a *champlevé* manner; that is, by making indentations in the wet clay before firing and filling those indentations with coloured glazes. The notion is attractive, but I should have guessed that so clever a people might very well have thought out that idea for themselves.

Anyway, it is to a few craftsmen of Limoges at the end of the fifteenth century that the world (including China) owes the craft of handling enamels on a copper base as if they were paints on a canvas, and of fixing them permanently under heat so that they are practically indestructible and do not run into one another. For the first



FIG. 3. SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON MAY 14 FOR 1300 GNS.: A FINE EARLY-SIXTEENTH-CENTURY LIMOGES ENAMEL TRIPTYCH. THE CENTRAL PANEL SHOWS THE NATIVITY AND THE SIDE PANELS TOGETHER FORM THE ANNUNCIATION.  
(Total width, 20 ins.) (Messrs. Christie's.)

## FRENCH 19TH- AND 20TH-CENTURY PAINTINGS: FROM A BOND STREET EXHIBITION.



"LE LOUVRE": A FINE LATE WORK BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903): IN THE INTERESTING EXHIBITION WHICH OPENS AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY ON JUNE 5. (Oil on canvas; 15½ by 18½ ins.)



"PLAGE," BY EUGENE BOUDIN (1824-98). THIS WAS PAINTED IN 1890 AND THERE ARE TWO OTHER WORKS OF THIS PERIOD IN THE EXHIBITION. IN ALL OF THEM THE SKY IS PAINTED WITH GREAT SKILL AND FEELING. (Oil on canvas; 17½ by 25 ins.)



"LES THONIERS": AN OUTSTANDING COMPOSITION BY PAUL SIGNAC (1863-1935). THIS WAS PAINTED IN 1891 WHEN SIGNAC WAS WORKING WITH SEURAT, SHORTLY BEFORE THE LATTER'S DEATH. (Oil on canvas; 25½ by 32½ ins.)



"AU BORD DE LA SEINE": A VERY DELICATE PAINTING BY STANISLAS LEPIANE (1836-92), WHO WAS A PUPIL OF COROT. THERE IS ALSO ONE OF HIS FAMILIAR PARISIAN RIVER SCENES IN THIS EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 15 by 20 ins.)



"PETITES FILLES SPARTIATES PROVOQUANT DES GARÇONS," BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917): A STUDY FOR THE FAMOUS PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. BOTH WERE PAINTED IN 1860. (Oil on canvas; 37½ by 21½ ins.)

There are seventy works by forty artists in the exhibition of "19th- and 20th-Century European Masters," which is due to open at the Marlborough Gallery, 17-18, Old Bond Street, on June 5, and will continue for about two months. One of the most interesting paintings in the exhibition is the large Degas study for his famous early painting "*Petites Filles Spartiates Provoquant des Garçons*," which is now in the National Gallery. In this preliminary



"CINQ BAIGNEUSES": A STRIKING WORK BY PAUL CEZANNE (1839-1906), WHICH WAS PAINTED IN ABOUT 1879-82. THE FAMOUS "GRAND BAIGNEUSES" AT PHILADELPHIA WAS STARTED IN 1895. (Oil on canvas; 23½ by 35½ ins.)

study Degas has included a building surrounded by the people in the centre, between the groups of boys and girls. This he has omitted in the final version, making it a rather more powerful composition. The exhibition also includes three of Degas' fine pastel drawings of dancers and nudes. Paul Signac—the outstanding follower of Seurat—is also well represented. In addition to the painting shown here there are four of his colourful water-colours.



AN EARLY SCENE FROM THE FILM: SAINT JOAN (JEAN SEBERG) WAITS OBSTINATELY TO BE ALLOWED TO SEE THE LORD OF Vaucouleurs CASTLE.

## DRAMATIC SCENES FROM "SAINT JOAN," ON THE PLAY OTTO PREMINGER'S NEW FILM BASED BY BERNARD SHAW.



(Above.) AFTER TWO OF HER PROPHECIES HAVE COME TRUE, THE FRENCH VICTORY AT ORLEANS AND THE CROWNING OF THE DAUPHIN IN RHEIMS CATHEDRAL, JOAN LAMENTS TO DUNOIS (RICHARD TODD) THAT THE DAUPHIN, NOW KING CHARLES VII, WISHES TO BE RID OF HER.

(Left.) AFTER ARRIVING AT THE FRENCH CAMP AT ORLEANS, JOAN PRAYS FOR A GENTLE WEST WIND TO TAKE THE FRENCH BOATS ACROSS THE RIVER. AS SHE PRAYS, CAPTAIN LA HIRSON (THOMAS GROVE, LEFT) IS SCEPTICAL BUT THE WIND IS ENOUGH TO CONVINCE DUNOIS OF JOAN'S POWER.

(Right.) SHE MUST BE TORTURED, SAYS CONCUBINE (BARRY JONES). LEFT, ADVOCATES STRONG MEASURES. THE INQUISITOR, RIGHT CENTRE, IS PLAYED BY FELIX AYLMER, AND BROTHER MARTIN (LEFT CENTRE).



A SCENE FROM THE EPILOGUE, ON THE LEFT IS JOAN WITH THE DAUPHIN, AND BEHIND HIM THE EARL OF WARWICK (SIR JOHN GIELGUD).



A DRAMATIC MOMENT: THE CROWNING OF THE DAUPHIN IN RHEIMS CATHEDRAL. THE ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS IS PLAYED BY FINLAY CURRIE.

Otto Preminger's film of Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* had its world première in the Opéra at Paris on May 12, the date on which St. Joan is honoured each year throughout France. On June 20 the film is to be given its English première at the Leicester Square Theatre. The French première was held in aid of polio victims and the presentation at the Leicester Square Theatre will be in aid of the British Film Studio Workers' Benevolent Funds. The

film runs for just under two hours and the play for three hours and a half. One of the tasks of Mr. Graham Greene, who wrote the adaptation for the screen, has been to preserve Shaw's argument faithfully in his much shortened version. Much of the cutting has been done in the early scenes of the play, and one result of this is that the part of Warwick, played by Sir John Gielgud, has been drastically reduced. Following Shaw's advice, Otto Preminger



IN AN EFFORT TO MAKE JOAN ABANDON HER HERESY SHE IS SHOWN A GRUESOME INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE BY THE MASTER EXECUTIONER (BERNARD MILES). RIGHT.



THE COWARDLY DAUPHIN GREEDILY ASKS JOAN IF SHE IS ABLE TO PERFORM MIRACLES FOR HIM.



BROTHER MARTIN HELPS JOAN SIGN A RECENTION, WHICH SHE HAS AGREED TO IN A MOMENT OF PANIC.



JOAN WAITS RESIGNEDLY IN HER DUNGEON AFTER MONTHS OF IMPRISONMENT AND NUMEROUS EXAMINATIONS BY THE CHURCH AUTHORITIES.



THE FINAL CLIMAX: JOAN IS BURNED AT THE STAKE BY WARWICK'S SOLDIERS IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT WARWICK.

Mr. Preminger chose his heroine from some 13,000 candidates, as is now well known and his choice, Miss Seberg, was at first an unknown repertory player aged only seventeen. One of the main criticisms of her has been that she does not fit Shaw's description of St. Joan as "unattractive sexually to a degree that seems miraculous." The part of the Dauphin is played by Richard Widmark, who in the past has frequently played gangster rôles.



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### THE STARS ARE ECLIPSED.

By ALAN DENT.

NATURE and architecture encroach to an unusual degree on nearly all the new films I have seen lately. There has been an odd tendency for the background to seize and hold the interest at the expense of the players and the stories they are supposed to be enacting. This simply means that in most of these cases the directors, conspiring with their camera-men, have been more interested in their settings than in the people set against them. This, I suppose, is almost bound to happen if you move your assignment right out of a film studio to the wilds of Wales or Bolivia or Tartary, or to any part of the globe still recognisably rich in the ruins of antiquity.

In "Boy on a Dolphin" we are all the time in the isles of Greece, the isles of Greece where burning Sappho loved and sung. It is where—Byron goes on—grew the arts of war and peace, where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung. But this film is in no way Byronic, apart from its all-important setting. It has instead a story of how burning Sophia Loren—as a sponge-diving maiden



A SCENE FROM "BOY ON A DOLPHIN" (CINEMASCOPE; 20TH CENTURY-FOX), WITH SOPHIA LOREN AS PHÆDRA, A SPONGE DIVER, AND CLIFTON WEBB AS A CROOKED AMERICAN CONNOISSEUR. ALAN DENT WRITES THAT THE GREEK ISLANDS, MOUNTAINS AND TEMPLES MAKE A CHARMING BACKGROUND TO THE FILM. (LONDON PREMIERE: CARLTON THEATRE, MAY 9.)

called Phædra—discovered an antique statue in the course of one of her plunges. This was embedded in the wreckage of an ancient ship, and when the lovely diver tore her thigh with a nail out of the hulk, the nail remained—blissfully, as it turned out—in the wound, and so proved the genuine antiquity of her discovery. This part of the plot is almost Hamlet-like in its logic. A golden boy perched on a bronze dolphin may lie 2000 years embedded in a sheer hulk, one of whose timbers may contain a nail which will one day become embedded in the thigh of a living, lowering, burning Sophia Loren!

Phædra's first thought—very naturally—was that there might be money in it. How much? One of those rogues who automatically spring into existence wherever and whenever treasure is found or gold is struck asks her this same little question; and nothing about Miss Loren's performance is franker or more engaging than the peasant alacrity with which she snaps her unhesitating answer: "For me, plenty of money is enough!"

The two contestants for the treasure are an American archaeologist (played improbably by Alan Ladd) and an American connoisseur and crooked collector (played desultorily by Clifton

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



SOPHIA LOREN AS PHÆDRA IN "BOY ON A DOLPHIN," IN WHICH SHE STARS WITH ALAN LADD AND CLIFTON WEBB. Of his choice for this week Alan Dent writes: "It cannot but be Sophia Loren, the latest buxom beauty among the Italian film-stars. She is much more sulky and sultry than Lollobrigida and harks back in style to the thick-set moodiness of Silvana Magnano in 'Bitter Rice.' But she plays the brusque Greek sponge-diver in this new film, 'Boy on a Dolphin,' very passably. Her voice is not the most beguiling in the film-world. It has, in fact—when she is roused to fury, as so often happens in this film—a distinct resemblance to the tearing of silk. Nor is her English—especially when she is in this, her usual, mood—always easy to follow and understand. But she is, nevertheless, choicely cast, responsive to the camera amusingly bold and fearless, and always—as they say—an 'eyeful'."



JEANNIE (VERA-ELLEN) IN A BALLET SCENE FROM "LET'S BE HAPPY" (ASSOCIATED BRITISH PATHÉ), A FILM IN WHICH JEANNIE, A FARM GIRL FROM AMERICA, REVISITS SCOTLAND, THE HOME OF HER ANCESTORS, AND THERE MEETS STANLEY SMITH (TONY MARTIN), HER FUTURE HUSBAND. (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, MAY 9.)

### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"TWELVE ANGRY MEN" (Generally Released; May 20).—A quite exceptionally exciting American court-room drama, well directed, and brilliantly acted by a company with Henry Fonda at its head, most forceful and persuasive in the cause of justice.

"FUNNY FACE" (Generally Released; May 27).—Dear little Audrey Hepburn and dear old Fred Astaire in a repainted and smartly restored version of the Gershwin musical comedy with some good and witty Gershwin tunes.

"THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN" (Generally Released; May 20).—This squeezes the last drops out of Mrs. Shelley's old lemon of a horror story.

Webb). Phædra has first to convince both of the genuineness of her find, and this takes a long time, for it seems that ever since a shepherd discovered the Venus de Milo in 1824 or so the discovery of antiquities, both sham and authentic, has become a universal business among the peasantry. However, Phædra, helped by her ancient nail, gradually awakens the interest and enthusiasm of both collectors. She does not at first divulge the spot where the boy on his dolphin still lies below. Each collector tricks the other, and Phædra tricks both. There is an amusing scene where the two collectors meet in the library of the wildly romantic and almost inaccessible high monastery of Meteora. But the later stages of the film are rather tiresomely protracted and too thick with intrigue to be really exciting. It is almost a relief when the islanders seize the lost treasure for themselves, and the professor of archaeology turns round to find Phædra flat on her back and smiling the message and suggestion that she herself may be worth treasuring. Mr. Ladd succumbs, but his whole performance up till that moment has suggested that Greece, whether ancient or modern, is more than a little out of his line. Mr. Webb, on the other hand, is not so much uneasy as over-assured about his own charm. No, the best performance in the film is that of Miss Loren with the almost overwhelming support of the islands, and the mountains, and the temples. The director, Jean Negulesco, has obviously been of the same opinion.

A routine little film called "Let's Be Happy" gives exactly the same impression of being swamped by its own natural background. This has Vera-Ellen as a little farm-girl in Vermont who decides to spend a holiday in Scotland where her forefathers originated. She flies there alone and meets a dashing but honest cavalier in Tony Martin who sings some remarkably banal songs to her but otherwise makes her travels easy and comfortable. Paris and Edinburgh, beautifully photographed, and Loch Lomond and its bonny banks steal every scene in which they appear.

In "Obsession," a Franco-Italian film directed by Jean Delannoy, the background is the eternally exciting one of the circus. But here there is such powerful acting from Michele Morgan as

a trapeze artist and from Raf Vallone as her murderously jealous husband that there is no question of the particular story being dissipated by the surrounding atmosphere. This film is at least twice as exciting as the recent American film with a similar theme and setting, "Trapeze."

The trouble with genuine backgrounds is that they make the actors and the story theatrical and unreal—the lovelier or more legendary the background, the more marked is this effect. M. Negulesco has had the temerity to stage Miss Loren's first meeting with Mr. Ladd on the Acropolis at Athens and right under the Erechtheum, that exquisite temple supported by a group of caryatids, one of whom has the most beautiful face in the whole of sculpture. Gazing upon this scene, all that one can possibly desire is, with all respect, to have the two film stars

well out of the way. Here I was vividly—and indeed quite movingly—reminded that the last time I stood on this spot I was utterly alone. It was an Easter Sunday morning. All the little Christian churches in the city beneath my feet were ringing their little cracked bells like mad. The sun shone. The marble of the temple glowed, as it seemed, with its own light. And for a mystical minute I felt that I was on the verge of knowing something that only the gods of Hellas knew.

## THE "FLYING MATTRESS" IN ACTION.



THE "FLYING MATTRESS" TAKES SHAPE: PUMPING UP THE INFLATABLE DELTA-WING OF THE M.L. UTILITY AIRCRAFT. THIS TAKES ABOUT TEN MINUTES.



PREPARING THE "FLYING MATTRESS" FOR FLIGHT. THE WING HAS BEEN INFLATED AND THE PETROL TANKS ARE BEING SLUNG ON UNDERNEATH.



THE "MATTRESS" TAKES OFF. THE 65-H.P. ENGINE WITH PUSHER TWO-BLADE PROPELLER ACHIEVES A CRUISING SPEED OF ABOUT 50 M.P.H.

AFTER the "Flying Bedstead" the "Flying Mattress." This revolutionary aircraft, whose official name is the M.L. Utility, was demonstrated at White Waltham on May 21. It consists of an inflatable delta-wing, which when not in use is packed in a bag and stored in the nacelle of the fuselage, the whole being of a size to store in an ordinary home garage and quite capable of being towed behind a car. When required for use the wing is inflated to a pressure of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lb. a square foot. Petrol tanks are slung on and coupled up. The aircraft is light enough to be handled by one person and its cost is likely to be about that of a good car. During the demonstration it took off in less than 100 yards and landed in 50 yards. It has a speed of 50 m.p.h., a ceiling of 5000 ft. and a cruising endurance of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

## THE CORPORAL MISSILE DEMONSTRATED.

ON May 21 the American *Corporal* heavy bombardment rocket, which is being supplied to the British Army, was publicly demonstrated at Larkhill at the Guided Weapons Wing of the School of Artillery. Our illustrations show some of the complexity and ingenuity of the equipment needed for this "monstrous bullet 45 ft. long and weighing about 5 tons" and with the fire-power (with nuclear warhead) of a last war artillery barrage. The range of special vehicles required includes the transporter, crane, erector, two propellant trucks of acid and aniline (the fuels) manned by troops in protective clothing and spacemen's visors, a high pressure air vehicle, an air compressor and a water truck and pump. The guided missile regiment will consist of three batteries, one of which will be manned by R.E.M.E. The range of the *Corporal* is between 50 and 80 miles.

# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## BOYS AND GIRLS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ONCE-SUCCESSFUL (indeed triumphant) plays can vanish as quickly as last season's daffodil—and this season's, wrote Kipling, "never hears What change, what chance, what chill, Cut down last year's." I was looking the other week at a volume of "Great British Modern Plays," published in 1929, and wondering what the newest theatre-going generation would make of at least eight of the chosen nineteen.

One of them opens in Bridewell Court, Stepney, a slum courtyard where stands "a slight and pretty girl of fifteen, her face swollen with crying, and just now giving vent to dry sobs, wretchedly." She is Florrie Small, the Cockney liar of Charles McEvoy's "The Likes of Her," whose failing is cured so simply and effectively. It was a triumph in its day (1923), and though it reads thinly now, there is a certain fierce, enduring realism in the portrait of Florrie (she was created by the young Hermione Baddeley) that ought to have kept the girl alive in the theatre. Not, I fear, that we shall have any opportunity of finding out.

To-day, Florrie would be shuffled into a pigeon-hole—a capacious affair—labelled "Problem Children." Here, too, go the boy and girl, Joe and Brenda, I am most concerned with this week. It is an exercise to speculate on their probable theatrical lives. I hate to think of them as ephemeral.

Brenda is the child of a broken marriage. Joe is a Dockland boy with no idea of social responsibility. Each is at the centre of a disturbing piece: plays that are still far more to me than scribbled programmes. The girl's play I mentioned briefly last week, "Be Good, Sweet Maid," at Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Theatre. The boy's is "The Telescope," by R. C. Sherriff, which I saw at Guildford, and which, when this appears, will be at the end of a Hornchurch visit, and preparing to go to Salisbury. It is on a month's "exchange" tour sharing a general-post experiment with some of the other short-run repertory companies that, taking their fantastic toil with all good cheer, do much for the living stage in the provinces.

The Hornchurch, Salisbury, and Canterbury resident companies are also involved in this month of interchange. It ought to be uncommonly successful, once loyalist-playgoers in the various towns have realised that there are other companies besides their own. These loyalties can be strong: I speak as one who shared in them for some years in a distant past that is very far from dim. It horrified me, at, roughly, Joe and Brenda's age, to discover that some people in the city where I lived had not even heard of my adored company, and, in fact, had never been to a theatre.

Guildford, as a weekly "rep.," has been extraordinarily fortunate to get a play by R. C. Sherriff, one of the gentlest and wisest of practising dramatists. (Wisdom does not necessarily connote truculence.) An earlier play, "The Long Sunset," which has not yet reached the West End of London, was set in Britain during the year that Alaric sacked Rome, and the Legions were leaving the far-Western province of the Empire. It was a moving re-creation. Now, in "The Telescope," Sherriff turns his gift of imaginative sympathy upon an East End dockside town (he calls it Canbury) of our own time:

a far journey from the fading embers of Roman Britain. "The Telescope" began on sound-radio, and though it has been altered and expanded, we can still find in the stage play traces of its origin. That does not matter. Sound-radio plays are (most reasonably) written for the ear, and Sherriff's dialogue—in its accurately considered naturalism—is always splendidly hearable, with few of those pauses for filling-in time that afflict so many otherwise worthy plays in the theatre.

The theme chosen is (if I may quote my notice of two years ago) genuinely urgent: a change from those fashionable pieces merely the perfume and supplance of a minute. Sherriff studies a town inhabited by the newly-enriched "working-class." Here an average working family can bring in, between its various members, as much as £2000 a year; but it prefers to go on living in two or three rooms, to toss away its money recklessly, and to refuse any share in the responsibilities of middle-class life. The young parson, who comes to the town (which his ancestors had founded 100 years before), sees that the Church is practically dead, and that he cannot get in touch with the people. They live in a

"The Truth Game." What must be played out in the third act of "The Telescope" is another kind of truth game, one that becomes intensely earnest. I spoke, some time back, of Sherriff's possibly unconscious way—you can trace it throughout his work—of bringing his people to journey's end, to the butt and seamark of the utmost sail.

I said that, in a Sherriff play, it was rare to find the leading character left in mid-career. Now, after seeing "The

Telescope" in the theatre, I am anxious, desperately anxious, to know—as I was after the broadcast—whether this is indeed journey's end for the two people most concerned, or whether a light can yet gleam beyond, in what appears to be dense gloom. I have rarely known a play to end with a more troubling, baffling question-mark.

Bryan Bailey directed the piece at Guildford with a splendid feeling for pace and attack. I could have wished for some more genuinely persuaded performances, but three at least were developed: the parson and his wife (Edward Woodward and Hilary Liddell) and, remarkably, the youth (Melvyn Hayes). I say "remarkably" because the problem-child, as acted in the theatre, can easily be over-praised. There is by now a routine sullenness and slouch, a shaggy-teddy-boy demeanour, with accent to match. We get it so often—and tedious it is. Our

world of their own—one in which values are so hopelessly muddled that communication seems to be impossible.

Fighting on as a Sherriff character would fight (that is, with determination, but tact and sympathy as well), he learns that after all there is a way. And it is then that he has the sternest lesson. Coming from the general to the particular, he discovers in the youth Joe, child of chaos, very much the voice of young Canbury, a problem that defies him. Even so, he is on the very rim of success when something happens—something linked with the title of the play—that makes of the last act one of the most

undeviatingly dramatic that Sherriff has yet written.

It would be unfair to say exactly what the problem is. A fortnight ago I headed my article

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE MOON AND SIXPENCE" (Sadler's Wells).—Opera by John Gardner; libretto by Patrick Terry from the Maugham novel. (May 24.)
- "THREE FROM ROME" (Palace).—An intimate revue. (May 27.)
- "JULIUS CAESAR" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Alec Clunes as Brutus, Geoffrey Keen as Cassius, Richard Johnson as Mark Antony, in a production by Glen Byam Shaw. (May 28.)
- "A MONTH OF SUNDAYS" (Cambridge).—Comedy by Gerald Savory, with A. E. Matthews. (May 28.)
- "RICHARD THE THIRD" (Old Vic).—Robert Helpmann as Richard; play directed by Douglas Seale. (May 29.)

"I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO BRUSH BRENDA FROM MY MIND. SHE IS REAL, HER PROBLEM ACUTE": SONIA FRASER AS BRENDA FAWCETT IN "BE GOOD, SWEET MAID," A NEW PLAY BY C. E. WEBBER, WHICH THE ARTS COUNCIL COMMISSIONED THROUGH THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE. (Photograph by Lisel Haas.)

attention wanders. Not so at Guildford, where Melvyn Hayes branded the boy on our minds as soon as he spoke. This performance had the acrid scorch of truth. At the end it terrified, as I think Sherriff designed the part to terrify. If "The Telescope" appears in the West End, I shall be sorry if Melvyn Hayes is not in the cast.

There is a question-mark, too, at the end of C. E. Webber's "Be Good, Sweet Maid" (on which I touched last week): a play, I would hazard, that is written in permanent ink. Here, too, the problem-child is studied with uncompromising veracity. At the last, Brenda, the child of a broken marriage, a child of storm, is herself married; and I could not help asking myself, as I left the theatre, whether her own story might not be repeated in the years ahead: that march to the register office was not a triumphal progress. I think the dramatist offers it as a tentative solution. We must all have our views on the girl's future: mine, as I watched the end of the performance, were not hopeful.

It says a great deal for Mr. Webber's play, and for the acting of Sonia Fraser—with those haunted, smouldering eyes able to express all in a glance—that I have not been able to brush Brenda from my mind. She is real, her problem acute. Such plays as these are valuable to our stage. Sometimes we want to leave the theatre with our minds still (in the now fraying vogue-word) engaged: we want to go on thinking, puzzling, not to write the whole thing off as ephemeral and vapid, and to turn with relief to a crumpled evening paper.

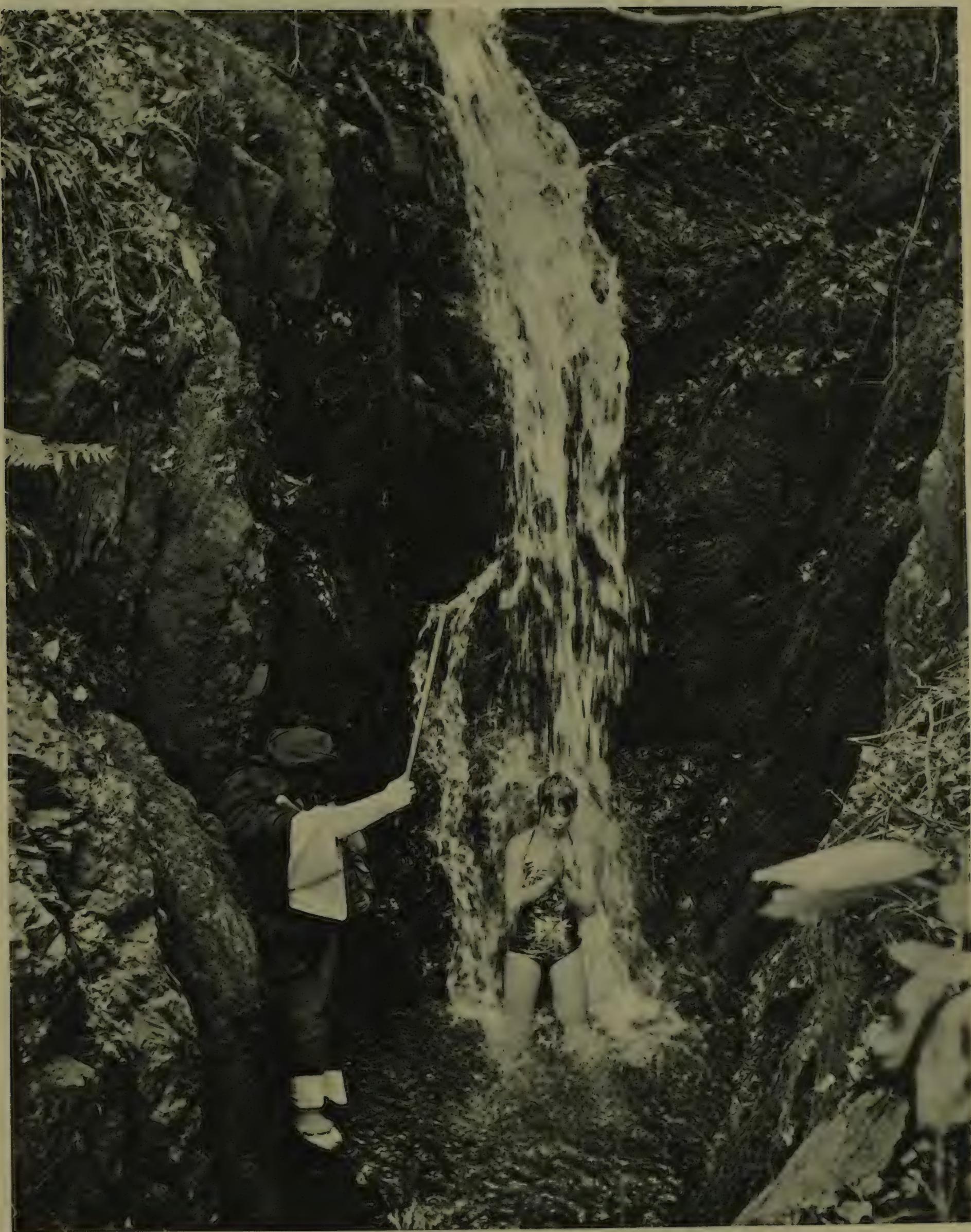
The theatre of ideas, theatre of the problem-play, is important to a true lover of the stage, though he would be quick to say (as I do now) that he does not want the kind of problem that is no problem, the wantonly obscure, fashionably peevish, specious and slick. "Crazy mixed-up kid" has become a rubbed, a rather silly, phrase. It ought to be understood that neither "Be Good, Sweet Maid" nor "The Telescope" deserves that label, one that, had it been common in 1923, I am quite sure somebody would have brought out, with a whoop, for little Florrie Small.



"I HAVE RARELY KNOWN A PLAY TO END WITH A MORE TROUBLING, BAFFLING QUESTION-MARK": R. C. SHERRIFF'S PLAY, "THE TELESCOPE," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE GUILDFORD THEATRE CLUB'S PRODUCTION WITH EDWARD WOODWARD AS THE REV. JOHN MAYFIELD AND MELVYN HAYES AS JOE PALMER.

(Photograph by W. Dennett.)





ORDEAL BY WATERFALL ; OR ALL PART OF A JAPANESE DANCER'S TRAINING.

The characters in this pleasing scene are, somewhat surprisingly, a monk (with upraised stick) and a ballet student; the scene being a waterfall at the Kobotaka Pass, some two hours' journey from Tokyo. Once a month the young dancers of the Tachibana Ballet School in Tokyo repair to this spot and, in bathing costume or practice dress, stand in the icy waters of the waterfall until the monk lowers the baton to signify that the ordeal is ended. After

this the girls warm themselves with ballet practice—Western, not Japanese style—and enter the monastery for several hours of prayer and meditation, in silence on their knees. Only after dismissal by the monks may they eat and talk. This ritual has been decreed by Mme. Akiko Tachibana, the principal of the school, as part of the pupils' spiritual and physical training; and the pupils agree that it "makes them feel wonderful."

DRAWING ANIMALS: ENCOURAGING CHILDREN'S STUDIES IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.



AN EXCELLENT POST-WAR FEATURE OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON: TWO MEMBERS OF THE 4000-STRONG CHILDREN'S SECTION DRAWING AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT.



SEEKING THE KNOWLEDGE AND THE LURE OF THE FROZEN NORTH—IN SOUTH KENSINGTON: SCHOOLBOYS SKETCHING A POLAR BEAR, AND SO ADDING TO THEIR KNOWLEDGE AND THEIR ARTISTIC SKILL.



KEEN GIRL MEMBERS OF THE CHILDREN'S SECTION OF THE MUSEUM STUDYING DUCKS, WHICH THEY CAN LATER COMPARE WITH LIVING SPECIMENS IN THE LONDON PARKS.

Londoners, and particularly Kensingtonians, have long been fully aware of the especial magnetism which the South Kensington Museums exert over children—especially the Science Museum and the Natural History Museum; and they may well have noticed, at week-ends and during holidays, a special and more intent element at the latter. Since 1948 the Natural History Museum has had a specially-organised Children's Section. This section has a membership of some 4000 schoolchildren, who are accorded special facilities



GORILLAS, HOWEVER, ARE RARELY MET WITH IN THE PARKS; AND THE MUSEUM IS CERTAINLY THE CHILD'S BEST PLACE TO STUDY AND DRAW THE ANIMAL—AT ALL EVENTS, IN A PARENT'S OPINION.

for studies in natural history and who are now allowed the use of a special work and art room in the Museum, where they may sketch and model from Museum specimens and consult such reference books as may be necessary. This excellent scheme, which was first put forward by Miss Jacqueline Palmer, a graduate of Cambridge, had the backing of the L.C.C. and the Museum; and was built up to its present flourishing state by Miss Palmer with the help of one assistant and the enthusiastic co-operation of some 4000 members.

CHILDREN AT WORK IN A KENSINGTON MUSEUM:  
ASPECTS OF AN EXCELLENT POST-WAR DEVELOPMENT.



(Left.)  
MODELLING, AS  
WELL AS SKETCH-  
ING, IS VERY POPU-  
LAR WITH THE  
CHILDREN'S SEC-  
TION. HERE A FOX  
IS THE SUBJECT  
WHICH THE THREE  
CHILDREN ARE  
STUDYING AND  
MODELLING IN  
PLASTICINE.

(Right.)  
"THE YOUNG  
SCULPTRESS":  
A CHARMING  
PHOTOGRAPHIC  
STUDY OF ONE OF  
THE 4000 MEMBERS  
OF THE CHIL-  
DREN'S SECTION  
OF THE NATURAL  
HISTORY MUSEUM,  
SOUTH KENSIN-  
TON, WORKING  
OVER THE MODEL  
OF A FOX SHE  
HAS JUST MADE  
FROM A MUSEUM  
SPECIMEN.



ONE OF THE TWO TEACHERS ATTACHED TO THE CHILDREN'S SECTION, SHOWING MEMBERS HOW WIRE CAN BE USED AS A BASIS FOR MODELS.



THE MEMBERS HAVE AN ART- AND WORKROOM OF THEIR OWN AND ARE HERE LEARNING TO WORK IN PAPIER MACHE.



HERE ARE TWO MEMBERS IN THE WORKROOM ENGAGED IN MAKING MODELS OF ANIMALS IN DIFFERENT MEDIA.



REFERENCE BOOKS ARE PROVIDED ON REQUEST, AS FOR THIS BOY, WHO IS STUDYING PREHISTORIC REPTILES.



FOR THESE STUDENTS WORKING IN THE ART ROOM OF THE MUSEUM, A STUFFED FOX HAS BEEN PROVIDED SO THAT THEY CAN STUDY IT FOR THEIR WORK IN THE CLOSEST DETAIL.

The most obvious effect, to the visitor, of the Children's Section of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, is the number of children intently sketching and modelling exhibits in the public galleries of the Museum. This is by no means the only activity of the section. In the special workroom and art room which is theirs, the children carry on these activities in even greater detail and are given help, advice and materials for drawing and modelling; and hold exhibitions of their work, which have

proved of the greatest interest to educationalists. They are encouraged also to pursue lines of field work and to bring their discoveries into the Museum for identification and exhibition among themselves. In recent years, small groups of members, under Miss Palmer (who was in charge of the section), have taken camping holidays with a natural history intention, studying plants and animals in their natural surroundings, and so enlivening with actuality the things they have learnt in the Museum.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NOWADAYS it should be almost impossible to write something fresh. And, in fact, at times one has the sensation that everything has been done *ad nauseam*—till at some other moment, it appears that such-and-such can always be done again. The world of childhood made a late start, but is now, perhaps, as hackneyed as anything except love and murder. Yet "There is a Happy Land," by Keith Waterhouse (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), seems as original and unprecedented as though it were first in the field. It is remarkable in itself, and quite surprising, in its authority and restraint, for a maiden effort. But it is far from easy to talk about. One can't hope to convey the substance, because, to an extraordinary degree, the style is the substance.

It is the style of a small boy living on a council estate in the North Country. Mr. Waterhouse has proposed never to go beyond the child's idiom and vision, and slips up only once or twice, only for a flash. This, of course, is limiting. Indeed, almost every feature might be thought limiting and a source of dreariness. The boy is at a dreary and silly age. His home life, with Auntie Betty, consists of yelling on one side, and defensive alibis on the other. Not because he is an orphan; in "our street" it seems to be common form. Socially, he combines an imperious and even desperate herd instinct with perpetual resentment of all his chums; to be sure, their sociability is merely a round of crowding, taunting, bullying and showing off. Then there is the vacuity of existence—"Nothing else to do... Nothing else to blinking do." To which one must add the boredom of "improved" housing. This appears by contrast with his favourite spot, where there is a coalmine with a lot of slag heaps, and railway lines going right over the street. "The houses were all in long rows and made of black stone, and all the streets were just rough cobbles with sooty grass growing out of them. Not like *our* blinking street."

And yet he has events to record: dark events. There is the fate of the little girl next door, the one being whom, in a suppressed fashion, he really liked. And there is the transit of the Pied Piper called "Uncle Mad."... He can't tell why Uncle Mad is sinister, or what Marion and some of *them* were doing in the "tusky fields." But what he can't tell, he puts across—more vividly than if he had known the words for it. The limitation is spell-binding; and the effect is not dreary, after all. For it is rooted in sympathy.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Deer Park," by Norman Mailer (Wingate; 15s.), seems to be rooted in the ambition to create a bold modern masterpiece. Heavyweight stuff: presumably, like "The Naked and the Dead" in civilian clothes. The narrator, Sergius, is just out of uniform, and aspires to Write. Meanwhile, he has won 14,000 dollars at poker, and come to stand himself a "good time" in Desert D'Or, a brand-new super-resort for the élite of Hollywood and their hangers-on. Here he sits at the feet of ex-director Charles Eitel, who has flouted a Subversive Committee and is now in Coventry, becomes the lover of a film star, and hobnobs with a young nihilist, or perhaps existentialist pimp, named Marion Faye. Marion goes inconclusively to gaol; and Sergius moves on, for a spell of bullfighting in Mexico—yes, indeed. The inspirations are very bookish; and in spite of abundant sex-life and some (again presumably) nameless orgies, the effect is far more strenuous than scandalising. However, there is at least one, perhaps not very original, but lively scene, with a grotesque film magnate.

In "An Easy Victim," by Lucien Farago (Cape; 13s. 6d.), Georg Garba, stateless ex-Communist, once a satellite attaché in Paris, during the war a maquisard, and now employed at a printing-works, is suddenly arrested, shown an expulsion order, and—he can't think why—taken, at an all-night sitting, through his whole past. The tale switches from flashback to inquisition. It is an instructive story; but, unlike "Darkness at Noon," it is more agreeable than frightening. The claustrophobia has gone; the tension is much relaxed. Georg gets a handful of aces at the last moment... in short, this is an optimist's Koestler.

"Murder at the Flea Club," by Matthew Head (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), also has a Parisian background. Its narrator, Hoop Taliaferro (pronounced Tolliver), is an American with a genius for looking on; and the Flea Club gives him plenty of scope. It is a haunt of the sophisticated and ultra-rich: of such varied types as the hard-headed singer Nicole—the bubbling and distraught Freddy Fayerweather—Mrs. Jones, the cad-hungry millionaire, and René the ideal cad—and so on. Then Dr. Mary Finney, the rocklike medical missionary and amateur detective, suddenly appears from the Congo, on the stroke of murder. And solves the crime, mostly from Hoop's account of personalities and recent events. This is a peach of a detective novel: stylish and intelligent, lively and amusing, with real figures and conversation, and yet no nonsense about it.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM PRE-HISTORY TO MORE MODERN TIMES.

PROFESSOR WALTER STARKIE, the author of "The Road to Santiago" (John Murray; 25s.), is one of the most ebullient of Irish wits. Resembling in his person a cross between a leprechaun and a miniature Falstaff, he writes as he talks; charmingly, learnedly and diffusely. There is probably no greater living authority on Spain than this former head of the British Institute in Madrid, whose influence on British-Spanish relations during the last war was more valuable than the efforts of a dozen Ambassadors. Readers of Dr. Starkie's new book who are already acquainted with his works, will find here the familiar Starkie mixture. They will not expect too severely formed a book; that is to say, Dr. Starkie takes the reader on a will-o'-the-wisp journey. In one paragraph there will be a fragment of history dug out of the rich mine of his erudition, in the next an excellent piece of travel literature, in the next a piece of autobiography followed perhaps by a disquisition on wine, and some slightly unorthodox theology. Nevertheless, the book admirably fulfils its purpose, which is to describe the great shrine of St. James of Compostella, the way in which the cult of the saint arose against the background of the early Spanish crusades against the Moors, and the pilgrims from all over Christendom who made the journey to Compostella, and how and why they did it. Just why the bones of St. James should have turned up in the North of Spain is a matter for the hagiologists. Certainly it was extremely convenient for the hard-pressed Spaniards fighting their desperate battle against the Moors in the one small corner of Spain still left to the Christian cause. For St. James, the Fisherman, became transformed by contact with the magic atmosphere of Spain into "Santiago Matamaros," the "Moor-slayer," whose miracles on behalf of his Christian knights were as heartening to the Crusaders as they were disconcerting to the Paynim. Certainly, too, to have on your side a saint who was capable of bagging 60,000 heathens to his own gun on a single occasion (or should it be to his own sword or lance?) was a saint well worth cultivating. Dr. Starkie recounts most of St. James's activities on behalf of the Church militant, though I am sorry that I was not able to trace the pleasant story of the occasion when thirty Paladins were encouraged by divine inspiration to take on an incredible number of Moors, and found in the heat of the battle that there were thirty-one knights taking part on the Christian side—Number 31, of course, being St. James, who could never resist a good scrap. Dr. Starkie's book has something in it for everyone, particularly for those who are thinking of making the journey either as pilgrims or as tourists to one of the most remarkable places of pilgrimage in the whole of Europe.

M. Pierre Jeannerat is well known as a journalist and writer on both sides of the English Channel. In "Flying to 3000 B.C." (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s.) he also takes the reader on a journey. His pilgrimage, however, is to some of the most famous archaeological sites in the Middle East, in Egypt, Jordan and Irak. M. Jeannerat is as learned as his touch is light, and even the non-archaeological-minded will find this of absorbing interest. While he rightly stresses the immemorial facets of life in modern Egypt, he also points out the differences between 1957 and 3000 B.C. A pleasant book, whichever way you look at it.

A book which deals with periods which make the ancient Egyptians seem ultra-modern is "The Story of Life," by H. E. L. Mellersh (Hutchinson; 21s.). In it the author gives a word of warning, that is that its language "will by no means always be strictly scientific: I hold that this is an advantage to which any book for the layman can claim a right." And an advantage indeed it is. He tells the story of evolution with a simplicity which only adds to its fascination. Here we see how the diverse forms of life developed, and why some branches flourished and others petered out.

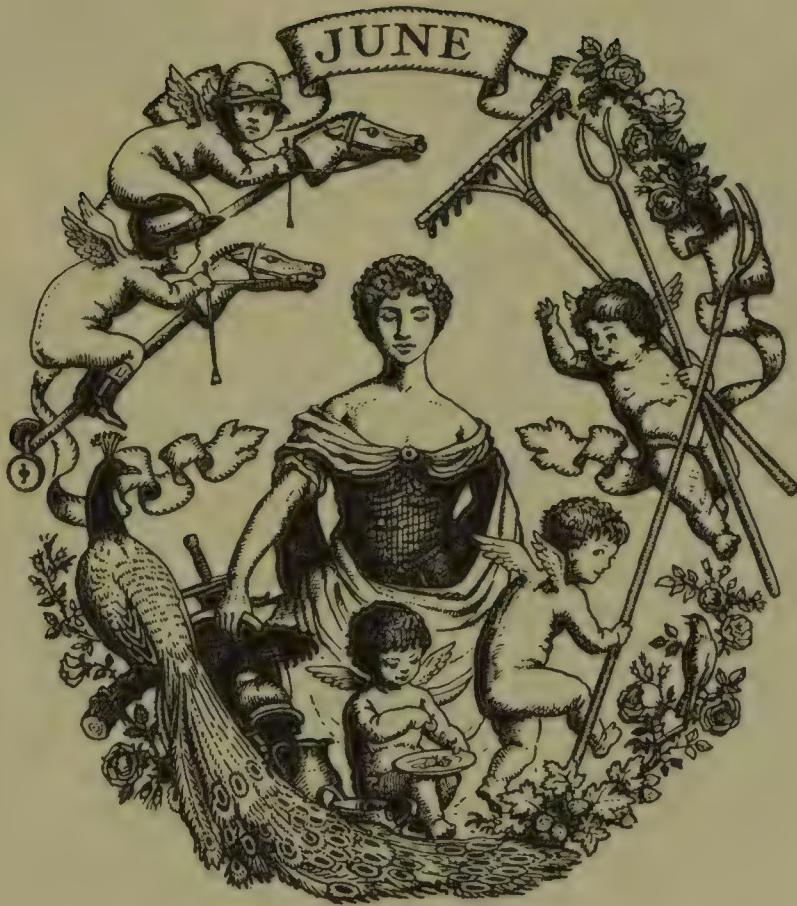
Mr. G. Bernard Wood, in "Historic Homes of Yorkshire" (Oliver and Boyd; 25s.), describes some twenty-seven of the leading houses in Yorkshire. The book is charmingly illustrated, and I know no more poignant letter than that which is preserved at Norton Conyers from Captain Scott of the Antarctic. It is addressed to Admiral Sir Francis

Bridgeman, and was found among other letters eight months after the death of the whole party. The pencilled words run:

MY DEAR SIR FRANCIS: I fear we have slipped up—a close shave—I am writing a few letters which I hope will be delivered some day—I want to thank you for the friendship you gave me of late years and to tell you how extraordinarily pleasant I found it to serve under you.... After all, we are setting a good example to our countrymen, if not by getting into a tight place, by facing it like men when we were there. We could have come through had we neglected the sick. Goodbye and Goodbye to dear Lady Bridgeman.—Yours ever, R. Scott. Excuse writing, it is 40 deg. and has been for nigh a week.

How moving is that one sentence written by a man facing certain death—"we could have come through had we neglected the sick."—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.



The name derives from Juno, the goddess of women, but Junius, the Roman youth, also claims a share of the honour; and with justice, if the popularity of June weddings is any guide.

It is one of the happier provisions of our calendar that the month which brings the longest day should provide so many opportunities for making hay. And whether you do this with a cricket ball on the village green or a strawberry tea at the Vicarage Fete—or, indeed, with a hay-fork in a hayfield—it is our hope that the sun will shine upon your labours. It would be pleasant if we could record that it always shone upon ours; but our branch system, though consisting of more than 2,130 offices, is located wholly in England and Wales and these (as all who remember last year's summer will recall) are areas not particularly notable for consistent sunshine records. It can be said, however, that the sun never sets upon the Bank's operations, for these are literally world-wide, as many an importer and exporter knows.

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# THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

## CAR OF THE MONTH—THE NEW HUMBER HAWK.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEASE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

**J**UST announced by Humber Ltd. is a successor to the *Hawk* Mark VI. The specification of the new model, the new *Hawk*, closely follows that of its predecessor as regards the mechanical units, but there any resemblance ceases. An entirely new body shell of very modern and graceful lines serves also as the chassis, and provides considerably increased accommodation for three passengers on both the front and the rear seats.

Moreover, the new four-door, four-light saloon is 5.5 ins. lower overall, has a wrap-round screen, and a large curved rear window, which also wraps round to meet the rear pillars. The wings extend right through from front to rear, where they form fins alongside the luggage locker, but are saved from any appearance of being slab-sided by a slight drop in the waistline above the rear doors and by a bright moulding which forms the line of demarcation for the two-colour finish.

At the front a wide, shallow radiator grille has horizontal louvers. It will accordingly be realised that there is no similarity of appearance between the new *Hawk* and the Mark VI.

Clever designing has increased passenger space and, at the same time, allowed overall dimensions to be reduced. Thus, in spite of the lower build, the interior height is 0.75 in. greater at 47.75 ins. Again, although the new *Hawk* appears wider, the overall width is actually 1.5 in. less and yet the maximum interior width at 60.5 ins. is 7.5 ins. greater. The overall length is virtually the same, except for the bumper over-riders, although the wheel-base is 4.5 ins. longer, 110 ins. The front track, 56 ins., is the same, but the rear track is 55.5 ins. instead of 57 ins.; even so, the rear seat width is 59.5 ins., an increase of 3.5 ins.

These figures have been achieved by placing the engine farther forward, so making it possible to move the whole body-space forward. The rear seat is well forward of the axle, therefore, and quite unrestricted by wheel arches, while the boot extends forward and gains in capacity. Although the boot houses the spare wheel, at a slight angle to the vertical on the off side, it provides 19.5 cub. ft. of luggage space, an increase of 4 cub. ft.

It is sometimes objected that the wrap-round screen reduces the effective width of door opening, but although the width of the front windows is reduced, access to the seat is not impaired. Indeed, ease of access to both front and rear seats is one of the new model's good points. The seats are comfortable, with well-chosen angles, and there is ample leg, head and elbow room.

The all-steel body shell has been designed for great torsional rigidity. Its basis is the floor pressing, beneath which run box-section members from front to rear, and to which the side pressings are welded so that their sills form other box-sections. The front and rear wing sections give additional strength and are braced by the scuttle and rear seat pressings.

A box-section U-shaped cross member of great strength carries the coil springs and wishbone linkage of the independent front suspension. It bears rubber mountings which fit into recesses in the longitudinal members beneath the body shell and an extension from it to take brake torque reaction also carries a rubber mounting for its attachment to the hull. Thus the hull is insulated from road vibrations from the front wheels. Similarly, rubber is interposed between the rear axle and the half-elliptic springs.

The 4-cylinder overhead-valve engine of 2267 c.c. is little altered, but the compression ratio has been raised to 7.5 to 1, resulting in a small increase in power to 74 b.h.p. at 4200 r.p.m., and the distributor has been moved forward on the near side. It is now very accessible, as are other auxiliaries. To obtain the low bonnet height the induction manifold has been slightly downswung and a Zenith carburettor fitted.

Engine, clutch and gear-box form a unit mounted on rubber, and the propeller shaft is divided and has a central bearing, also rubber mounted. Brakes are increased to 11 ins. diameter in front and are of 10 ins. diameter at the rear, with linings 2½ ins. wide.

On the road the new *Hawk* proved to have many good qualities. The driving position gives immediate confidence, and visibility, both ahead and astern, leaves the driver in no doubt as to the whereabouts of front and rear wingtips. The screen pillars, being well back and by no means of thick section, give the minimum of obstruction to view.

Instruments are placed squarely in front of the driver, subsidiary controls and switches are within easy reach, and the sensible handbrake-lever is alongside the end of the seat, out of the way but instantly accessible. Pendant clutch- and brake-pedals may prove a shade high for a woman's small feet. The wheel is set at a natural angle which does not tire arms or wrists, and carries the horn ring. Beneath the wheel is the gear-lever, left-hand operated, with a reverse stop, and one of the best of its type.

Second gear of 10.434 to 1 is sufficient for starting, and on it a speed of 40 m.p.h. is attainable, although unlikely to be required. With a ratio of 13.455 to 1 first gear is an emergency ratio seldom needed. Third gear of

6.297 to 1 is really useful as on it 60 m.p.h. is attainable. The top direct gear is 4.22 to 1 and gives 18.4 m.p.h. per 1000 r.p.m., with a maximum speed of between 85 and 88 m.p.h. A comfortable cruising speed lies anywhere between 60 and 70 m.p.h., the engine running quietly and smoothly, and the level of wind noise being commendably low provided the windows are kept closed. Ventilation is well provided for; a large duct introduces fresh air through a fitting on the scuttle from which de-mister slots are also fed. A heater is not standardised, but provision for its matrix is provided. Ventilating panels are also incorporated in all door windows.

The engine is flexible, so that constant gear changing is not called for, and only at low speeds on top gear does it remind one that it has only four cylinders.

Springing and road holding are good. The front coil springs surround direct-acting telescopic Armstrong dampers and have a slightly higher rate than on the Mark VI, while the rear half-elliptics have a slightly lower rate and have five leaves 2½ ins. wide instead of seven leaves as on the Mark VI. An anti-roll bar is fitted at the front.

Not only is a very comfortable ride provided, free from pitching or rolling, but the driver finds that the car does what he requires of it, following the course selected to a hair's breadth, even when cornered fast on an indifferent road surface. The steering is light in action, with sufficient self-centering and nice degree of understeer.

Acceleration on top gear is quite lively enough for the average driver, from 20 to 40 m.p.h., taking about 10 to 11 secs., and from 40 to 60 m.p.h. about 12 to 13 secs. The more enterprising driver will make more use of the gears and from rest can attain 30 m.p.h. in 6.5 secs. or 70 m.p.h. in a little over the half-minute. Fuel consumption is in the region of 22 m.p.g. at 45 m.p.h. and 27 m.p.g. at 30 m.p.h.

Brakes, Lockheed hydraulic, are in keeping with the performance and remain smooth and powerful under either light or severe application, with only normal pedal pressures.

In its appointments and finish the new *Hawk* leaves little to be desired. It has such refinements as a two-speed screen-wiper, twin sun-visors, arm-rests on all doors, a wide central armrest for the rear seat when occupied by two persons only, washable roof lining, wide parcel shelf in front of the rear window, map recess in front doors, and lock-up glove-box. The petrol filler is disclosed by removing the offside rear reflector.

Alternative transmissions to the standard synchromesh box are overdrive, the final drive ratio then being 4.55 to 1, or the Borg-Warner automatic, both being optional extras.

### MOTORING NOTES.

Members of the A.A. may obtain free from any A.A. office a revised booklet which lists nearly 1000

caravan and camp sites, and farmhouses.

In the ninth International Tulip Rally of the Dutch R.A.C.—West, held early in May, British cars carried off a number of awards, the team prize going to Ford *Zephyrs* and the Ladies' prize to Mrs. Anne Hall and Miss M. Hopkinson in a *Zephyr*. Sunbeam *Rapier* and Triumph *T.R.3* won their classes.

The sporting event of this month is, beyond doubt, the 24-Hour Race at Le Mans which starts at 4 p.m. on Saturday, June 22. Amongst the maximum of fifty-five starters will be four Ferraris, the drivers including Peter Collins and Mike Hawthorn, four Maseratis, one to be driven by Stirling Moss, three Aston Martins and three Porsches, all entered by the manufacturers. Other British cars include D-type Jaguars, Frazer-Nash, Cooper, Lotus and Arnott.

There is every likelihood that the summer of 1957 will see new records established for foreign touring. Already the cross-Channel services are heavily booked for the months of July and August. Guide-books, therefore, are in great demand and the second edition of the "Michelin Guide to Italy" has made its appearance, covering the whole of Italy, also Sardinia and Sicily, whereas the first edition dealt only with the region lying between the Alps and Sienna. A new "Michelin Guide to the Benelux Countries, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg" also makes its appearance, with very useful town plans and hotel recommendations. For motorists taking their cars to Denmark, Norway and Sweden, the A.A. has produced a new pocket guide with lists of hotels and garages, and full information about the many ferry services.

The R.A.C.'s Diamond Jubilee Exhibition "The Age of the Motor-Car" is at Stretford, Lancs, until June 16, and will be at Coventry, July 11 to 20; Blackpool, July 31 to August 24; Scarborough, September 10 to 24; Leicester, October 11 to November 9; and Bristol, November 23 to January 4, 1958.



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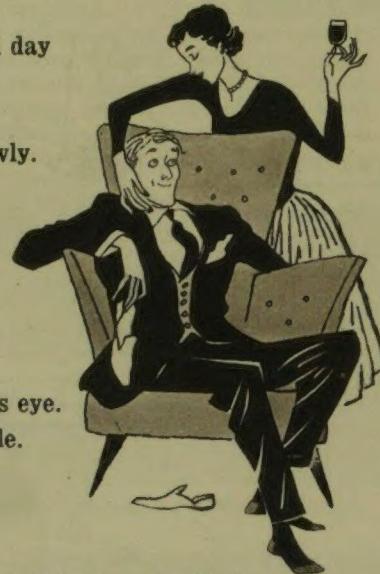
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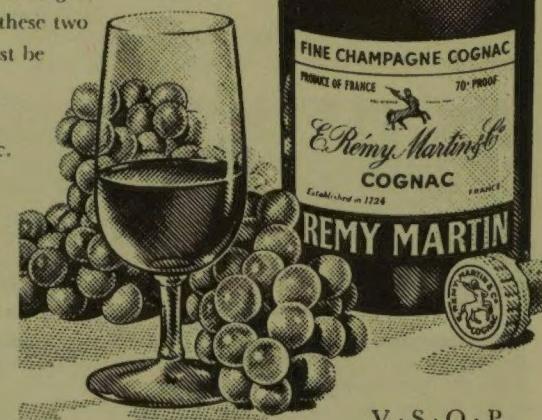
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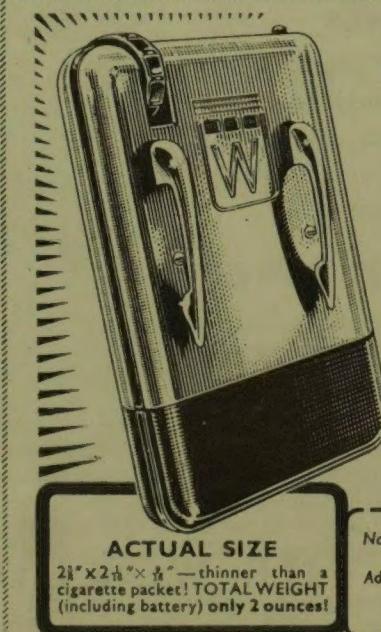
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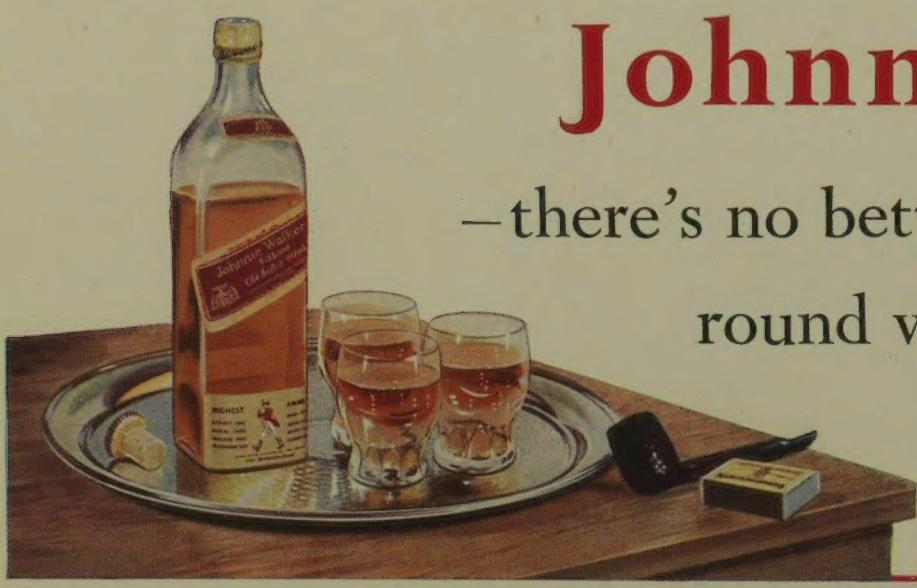
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